No. 2403.—Vol. 93. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES June 15, 1907.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF PITY.

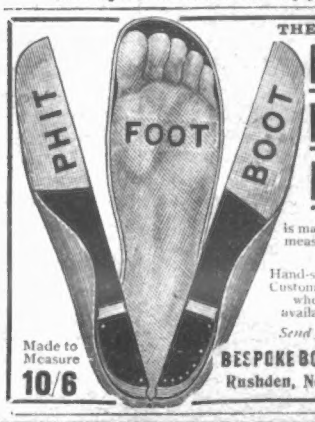
Photos. A. Weston and W. J. Wright.

On Thursday the Queen showed her great interest in her poor crippled subjects by opening the Queen's Fete in aid of the Lord Mayor's Crippled Children's Fund at the Mansion House. Ever since the foundation of the Fund fourteen years ago, her Majesty has shown her kindness of heart in many ways, and on this occasion, apart from attending the fete, has sent a cheque for a hundred guineas, as has also his Majesty the King. Inset are portraits of Sir William (the founder of the Fund) and Lady Treloar.

WHEN
Your Stomach
TROUBLES YOU
and you are afraid to eat because of the suffering you know must follow; when you are plagued with wind, headache, pains in the stomach or back, Biliousness or Constipation.
TAKE **MOTHER**
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP
The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.
75 YEARS' Established Reputation.
Neave's Food
"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet.*
"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*
. . For . .
INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.
Purveyors by Special Appointment to
H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.



THE . . .
PHIT FOOT BOOT
is made to your own measure — we keep NO stock.
Hand-sewn, Welted on Customer's own Lasts, where available, **13/6**
Send for Catalogue.
Made to Measure **10/6**
BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY
Rushden, Northampton.

Eye-Strain

Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT**, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

All Inquiries re Advertisements should be addressed to
THE MANAGER,
"P.I.P." Advertisements,
12, Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Does Education Help the Worker?

FOR.

THE most important and most powerful characteristic of the great world of workers in every branch of our trades and industries is self-reliance. Herein lies the key-note of the individual well-being of the masses; and, although by some it may hardly yet be fully felt, not a week, a day, an hour passes without fresh revelations of the fact that it is this rich gift of self-reliance, the capacity to measure and weigh for good and for evil, for the better chances of success in life, for happier lives in the field, the workshop, the workroom and the home, which keeps and protects the worker.

And how has the spirit of self-reliance come to us? It is no gift of the gods, nor does it flow from the "bosom of Charity; or, in its best sense, is it inborn. Self-reliance and confidence must prove false friends without knowledge, even if it is only in the handling of a pick. It is without a shadow of doubt the growth of education which has gained a respected position for the worker throughout the kingdom to-day, and which will in future enable him, (and her equally) to see clearly and intelligently that, no matter how the world wags, it does not indulge in any variation of this performance which will be hurtful to those who represent the real backbone of the country.

Youth — extreme youth — is always somewhat rebellious concerning the question of education. Most boys will probably declare that there are better places than the school-room. Girls have been known to think likewise. Before parents had fully gripped the value of education, these natural, even pardonable circumstances, were a stumbling block in the path of educational progress. But now that

THE PARENT IS AN EDUCATED PARENT,

and the child can witness and enjoy the benefits that schooling has brought into its daily life at home, there is really little need to point out the moral of sound education. The ways in which education has helped the worker directly and indirectly are so many that the task of singling them out would outrun the resources of even the Board of Education itself. Broadly speaking, however, we may trace the improvement in the lives of the working classes to our present system of schools. Until the idea of the great force that education represents in our existence was fully realised, the working man was hardly better thought of or cared for than a beast of burden. He was almost powerless to effect his own advancement, and the organisation of even a single body for the protection of his interests was a hopeless business. Trade Unions only became possible when it was quite certain that men in the station of life of those they were designed to help could themselves enter practically into the work of the formation and maintenance of Unions in a condition of high efficiency. Without education, "labour leaders" would at best have been hypocrites, descending from their station in life to work in the dark, with no true understanding of what the real requirements of the artisan classes comprised.

At the present moment no other class of men is bound so firmly and wisely together as that which represents the labour of the land.

THE ENLIGHTENMENT WHICH EDUCATION HAS BROUGHT

is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of this country, and it has relieved the humblest toiler from the heavy burden of servitude and won for him not only his own self-respect, but the respect of others. In days gone by, the man born to unskilled labour was doomed to it for the rest of his working days; but with the growth of education every lad has given him an equipment with which he may face life as the pioneer of his own fortune.

The development of skilled labour in this country is solely due to the widespread influence of education. It has created a desire for better work, more congenial work, and a proper recognition of the value of such work. Knowledge begets a desire for knowledge, and we find all over the country young men who while employing their days in bread-earning, are spending their evenings at night schools, fitting themselves to seize a fresh and higher opening in life when the opportunity arises.

The better home conditions in which workers now find themselves are the outcome of education, which has enabled them to appreciate the value of hygiene, and of those refinements which were at one time unknown except in the houses of the middle-classes. The common interest and the mutual respect of husbands and wives have been fostered by the understanding that there is something beyond mere drudgery before the humblest of bread-winners.

Education has opened the eyes and ears of men and women to the understanding and enjoyment of art, literature, and music; it has encouraged a taste for healthful and sound recreation; indeed, to education we owe a new race of men and women worthy to uphold the power and honour of a great nation.

AGAINST.

Through education have the seeds of discontent been scattered throughout the country, and the problem now before us is whether the resulting crop will prove one which will bring profit to the country at large and to its people individually.

Before the period of compulsory education, when knowledge of the three R's was a matter of the inclinations of parents—even the likes and dislikes of children themselves—there was a great peace over the land. "We want but little here below, nor want that little long," was the motto firmly implanted in the mind of every simple cottager. The worker of those days carried on the traditions of his father and his forefathers to the best of his capacity, and the prospect of a different life never dawned upon him. "Schoolmaster" was not progressive. If occasionally a pupil, surpassing all others in intelligence and ambition, eventually betook himself to town, there to make his fortune (or not), schoolmaster had his misgivings, and the old home wept in fear and sorrow. Those were very peaceful days, and days in which quiet, contented folk far outnumbered those who were seeking a rise in life. Every man stuck to his last, and could not be moved from it until his rheumatic-stricken hands failed, or his comrades mournfully shouldered him to his last resting-place in the village churchyard.

Then came the dawn of

EDUCATION, THE DISTURBER

and creator of restless mortals, all "book wise," crammed with knowledge they could never hope to retain one tithe of in after life, and which was more or less useless in their particular calling. When education came in at the door the content flew out of the window. No matter to what other causes the gradual de-peopling of the land is attributed, education it is which is answerable for the flocking to cities and towns of youths and girls no longer satisfied with the conditions of life to which they were born. Education-born ambition is directing every mind to one goal; the desire to advance, the craze for betterment without rhyme or reason, have made the cry of "Back to the Land!" a hopeless one.

It is a bitter thing for the man who, by years and years of ceaseless toil, has built up for himself a means whereby to maintain his family, to see its members dropping away one by one because education has bred a distaste in them for the homely occupation which should have been their inheritance. In old age the father is left without a successor to work which soils the fingers and makes the "delights" of town life unprocurable.

Education fills the head of the girl and boy, more especially the girl, with a determination to live above their station in life, and the ranks they are leaving are never filled. "Masters all," is the cry of the product of over-education, and none are left to perform those duties which were at one time undertaken without contempt because they could be described as "menial."

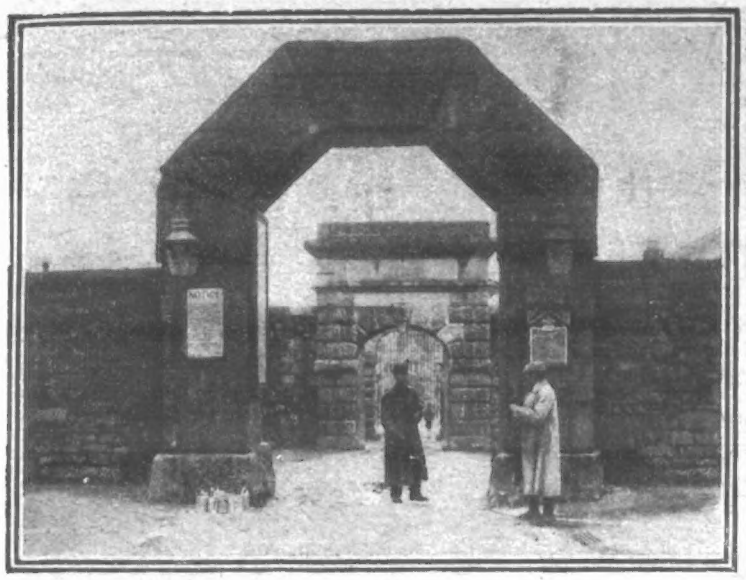
The extravagance which threatens so many homes at the present day must be laid at the same door. The "just as good as" feeling predominating among certain of the educated masses is entirely the outcome of the sense of importance and the desire to emulate their smart neighbours which equal education and a falsely inspired taste for display have brought with them.

EDUCATION IS KILLING THE SPIRIT OF DOMESTICITY

among the girls of this country. Our system of schooling takes them from their mothers' side during the very years

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE THAMES.

Mr. G. Otto Elterich, of New York, and Mrs. E. M. Maclean, a widow, also of New York, lost their lives in the Thames near Marlow last week. Mr. Elterich had been in Europe about two months on business, and Mrs. Maclean and her sister arrived a week ago. Thursday was Mrs. Maclean's birthday, and in the morning she and Mr. Elterich went down to Taplow and on to the river. The skiff struck against the root of a tree, capsized, and the occupants, falling into deep water, were drowned within a single stroke of land. The verdict at the inquest was "Accidental death." Our photograph shows the actual boat in which the unfortunate couple went unsuspectingly to their doom.



THE PRISON GATE.

"Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here."

THE CONVICT CHASE!

THE TWO ESCAPED MEN RUN TO EARTH IN A HEN-ROOST.

THE two convicts who escaped from Dartmoor Prison last week enjoyed only twenty-eight hours of liberty. The escape was made in a dense fog, which came down suddenly on the moor about ten o'clock in the morning. At once the gangs working in the open near the prison were called together to be taken back to the cells. One of these gangs was engaged in carting stone from the quarry.

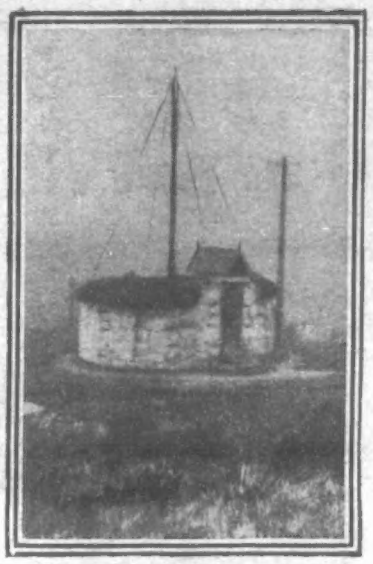
Before the gang had got very far it was discovered that the horses were straying from the track, and on the column being halted, the warders were amazed to find that the men who were leading the animals had disappeared.

The names of the two men who escaped are Thomas Ellis and Alfred Parish. Both are twenty-one years of age. Ellis, a tinsmith by trade, was sentenced at the North London Sessions last year to three and a half years' penal servitude for larceny, and Parish is serving a similar term, imposed at the same court for warehouse breaking.

Armed warders at once set out in all directions, but it was a farmer and not a warder who captured the runaways. The farmer, whose name is French, heard a great noise in his hen-house about two o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the escape, and he at once went to investigate.

But as he moved forward the barn-door slowly opened, and out into the daylight stalked two bedraggled, drenched men, hatless, stockingless, their teeth chattering with cold, who immediately surrendered as the escaped convicts.

The warders were informed, and the convicts were driven back to the great prison in a wagonette, to suffer for their few hours of liberty spent on the moor in thick fog and drenching rain.



AN OBSERVATION TOWER IN DARTMOOR PRISON, SAID TO BE ONE OF THE HIGHEST POINTS IN ENGLAND.

in which they were taught of old to carry out the daily work of household management, and to fit themselves for the cares and responsibilities of housekeeping when their turn came to take up such cares and responsibilities. Soon there will be no wives for working men, because there are not pianos in the working man's home, and the working man does not care to turn out at night to see the newest play, and to otherwise satisfy those intellectual cravings that have come with the Board School education.

If we take the average working man of to-day and ask what education has done in his case to enable him to become a better labourer, bricklayer, carpenter, plasterer, or scaffolder, what answer are we to expect? Surely there can be no plea that education has given him greater skill, a greater liking and a readier all-round capacity in accomplishing his task. Some of the most capable and expert artisans in the country were to be found, and still survive, among men who could not pass three Board School standards. It is the natural intelligence of the worker that makes the man; and he who troubles himself least about what he has forgotten since he emerged from the trials of school is by no means to be put down as the fool of his gang or bench. Indeed, it would not amaze us in the least to learn that he was the 'cutest hand of the lot.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London W.C.*

THE HIDDEN FACES

The convicts being conveyed back to Dartmoor by the prison warders, who had a weary hunt round the country for them. So that the recaptured men should not be photographed, the warders made them put coats over their heads. Even then one looked out to be snapshotted.

SCOTTISH CITIZENS IN PERIL.

A TOWN SINKING.

THE inhabitants of Motherwell, Lanarkshire, which is undermined by coal and iron fields, were greatly alarmed last Monday by a number of serious subsidences.

A large two-storey building in Wellington Street was rent from top to bottom, and the occupants rushed into the street in the wildest alarm.

Buildings in other parts of the town sank about six inches, and the gas-pipes were torn and twisted, involving considerable danger from escaping gas.

The damage is spread over an extensive area, and hundreds of buildings present a hanging and dangerous aspect. Many of them were new.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB, by FERGUS HUME, starts in P.I.P. Next Week.

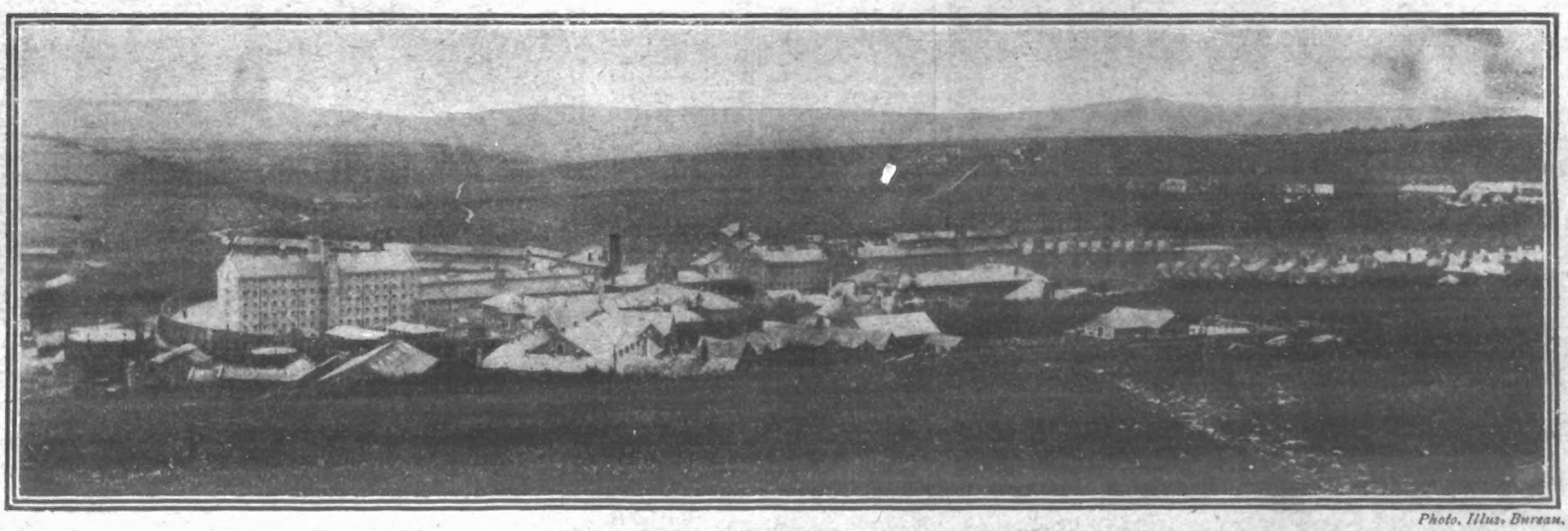
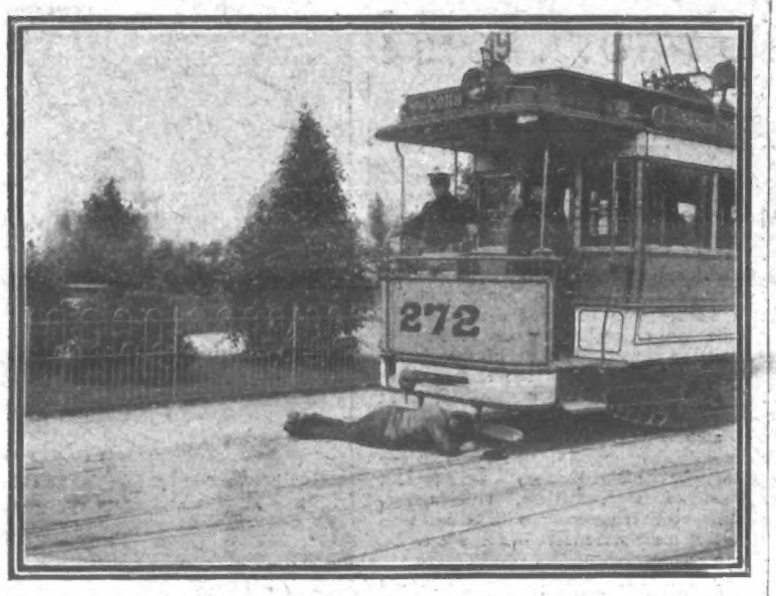


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

A GENERAL VIEW OF DARTMOOR PRISON, FROM WHICH TWO CONVICTS ESCAPED LAST WEEK.

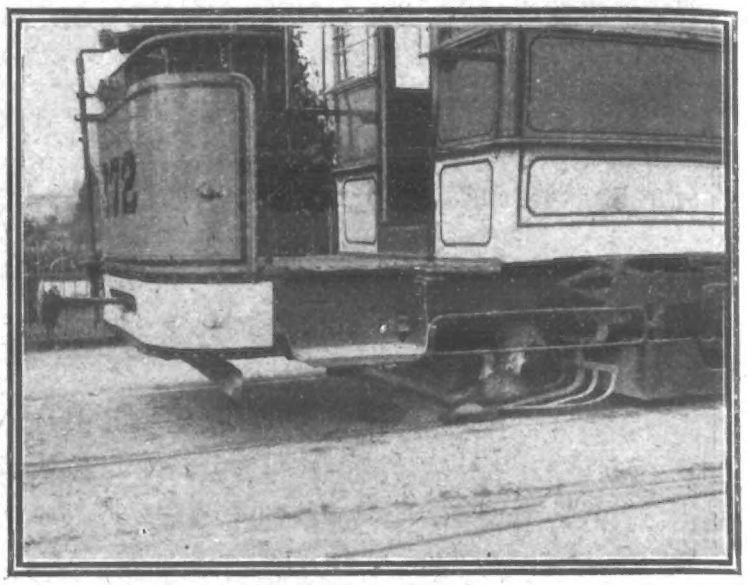


FIRST STAGE.

On a man falling in front of a tram fitted with the new invention he is scooped up by a patent cow-catcher—

THE DEADLY TRAM.

A German invention for minimising the risk of being run over.



SECOND STAGE.

—where he lies without injury, save a bruise or two, until the brakes are applied and the tram stopped—

TRAGIC WRECK OF A MOTOR-CAR.

A DEATH-TRAP.

SUN RISING HILL, Warwickshire, last Monday was the scene of another terrible motor-car accident, the victims being four Americans and a chauffeur. One of them was killed, and two of the others are not expected to recover. The hill is part of the Edge Hill ridge, and is the most dangerous of the four hills leading from Oxfordshire into Warwickshire.

The tourists were Mr. and Mrs. Blake, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson, of California. They recently arrived in England, and for the last few days have been staying in Oxford. They decided to go to Stratford-on-Avon, and they hired a 24-h.p. motor-car from a garage in the town. The car, which was driven by a chauffeur named Thomas Kent, left Oxford at 9.45, and all went well until Sun Rising Hill was reached about noon.

The car descended the hill at such a terrific pace that Mr. Ballard, of Stratford-on-Avon, who was staying at Rupert Cottage, at the foot of the hill, and was walking along the road, exclaimed to his wife, "There will be a smash here!" A second later the car turned completely over on exactly the same spot where, three years ago, two residents of Diss, Norfolk, were killed in a similar accident. Mr. Johnson was pinned under the car, and the others were thrown into a ditch. All were terribly injured.

TERRIBLE INJURIES.

Assistance was obtained with the utmost speed, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and the chauffeur were removed to Rupert Cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Blake to Sun Rising House, the residence of Mr. Howard Savory.

Dr. Oldmeadow, of Kineton, and Dr. Lowe, of Shennington, were telegraphed for, and the Rev. Vivian Dodgson, Vicar of Tysoe, came with the parish nurse. A nurse was also despatched by Mr. Andrew Motion, of Upton House. Mr. Johnson was found to be suffering from a severe fracture of the base of the skull. His right ear was almost cut off, and his chest severely injured. It was a hopeless case from the first, and he died at 3.30, without regaining consciousness.

Mrs. Johnson still lies in a very serious condition, but hopes are entertained of her recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Blake, after receiving medical attention at Mr. Savory's house, were removed to the Horton Infirmary.

Mr. Blake's injuries are expected to prove fatal, and his wife is also in a precarious condition. Kent, the driver, received terrible facial and scalp wounds, and he was afterwards conveyed in a motor-car to Banbury Infirmary. He said he knew the hill by repute, but had not previously been down it. The car was completely wrecked at the bottom of the hill, which has always been regarded as a death-trap to motorists.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB, by FERGUS HUME, starts in P.I.P. Next Week.

WATER CHUTE ACCIDENT.

IN the presence of thousands of people attending the Irish International Exhibition, an exciting scene was witnessed on Monday at the water chute, which is the highest that has ever been erected in the United Kingdom.

A boat with six persons on board, half of whom were ladies, came down the chute and took the water in the usual way, but from some unexplained cause it collided with a concrete wall near the buttress of the ornamental ridge which spans the artificial lake, capsized, and threw the occupants into the water.

The greatest excitement prevailed amongst the spectators, but all the victims of the accident were quickly got on shore, the ladies presenting a very limp appearance. A gentleman and lady sustained slight injuries. A spectator of the accident plunged into the lake to the rescue, but his services were not required. One occupant was a Dublin bank manager, and another gentleman a London visitor.

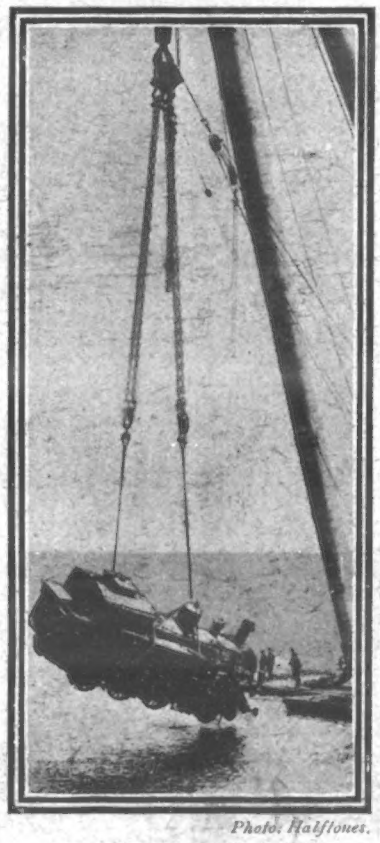


Photo. Halftones.

AN ENGINE IN A RIVER.

An engine which had fallen from a bridge into a river in Germany being hauled out by means of a powerful crane.

THRASHING LEADS TO FORTUNE.

A FEW weeks ago George H. Ward, of Resaca, Ohio, came into unpleasant notoriety by the fact that he was soundly thrashed by sixteen women of his neighbourhood for ill-treating his wife.

Accounts of this event were widely published, and led to the discovery of his existence and whereabouts by parties in England who had important information for him.

This reached the victim of feminine indignation the other day in the shape of a letter from Mr. J. H. Trace, of Portsmouth, informing Ward that he is heir to property worth £100,000, and requesting him to forward his birth certificate and other evidence to establish his identity.

OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.

POLICE RETURN FIRE, BUT ARE FORCED TO RETIRE.

SERIOUS outrages are becoming more frequent in Ireland.

Just about midnight on Monday a party of men assembled near Athenry, County Galway, and proceeded to clear the stock off a neighbouring farm.

A strong force of police met them at the bridge, and people began to pelt the officers with stones. Several constables were badly hurt, and the sergeant in command then gave orders to fire. Numerous volleys were discharged at the crowd in the darkness, and the rioters returned the fire, with the result that the police were forced to retire.

The house of a farmer named Farrell, near Craughwell, was fired into by armed men recently, the doors and windows being riddled with shot. The inmates had narrow escapes, and the farm was cleared of stock. Two cars conveying armed men were driven up to a farmer's house at Keighreys. The dwelling was fired into, and the miscreants then drove off.

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE.

Another agrarian outrage is reported from King's County, where there have been many prosecutions lately on charges of lawlessness and intimidation in connection with the anti-grazing agitation.

At Fairy Hill, a large farm near Cloughjordan, in the occupation of Mr. Harry Kenny, a well-known breeder of horses and a gentleman farmer, someone tied the tails of two cows together, with the result that one was torn off.

THEATRE MANAGER DROWNED.

MR. ROWLAND STUART, manager of the Theatre Royal, Bournemouth, was found drowned in the sea at Bournemouth on Tuesday. He was formerly manager of the Southampton Theatre.

CONCERNING THE EYES.

A WONDERFUL and reliable remedy for all eye troubles and diseases has actually been in use since 1596. Its interesting history is set forth in a booklet, which will be sent post free on receipt of postcard by Mr. Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E., mentioning the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. As everyone knows, any ointment for the eye must be above suspicion in every way, and Singleton's Eye Ointment is pure and a most efficacious preparation for all diseases and weaknesses of the eye.

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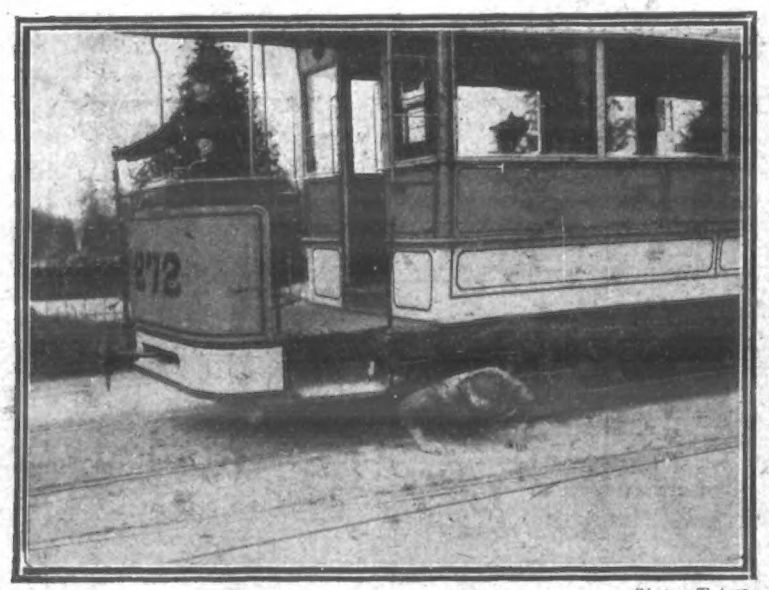
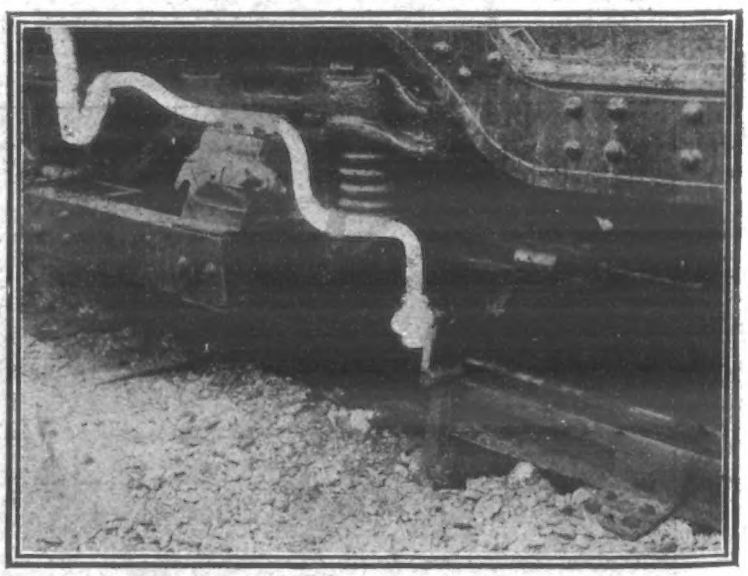


Photos. Topical.

THIRD STAGE.

—when he can crawl out little the worse for his adventure. It is to be hoped that this new life-saving apparatus will be adopted on British tramways.



A NEW BRAKE.

On the new Hampstead Tube a novel device for stopping trains has been adopted. If a signal stands at danger the lever beside the rail touches an automatic brake and stops the train. When the signal is "All Clear" the lever is lowered.

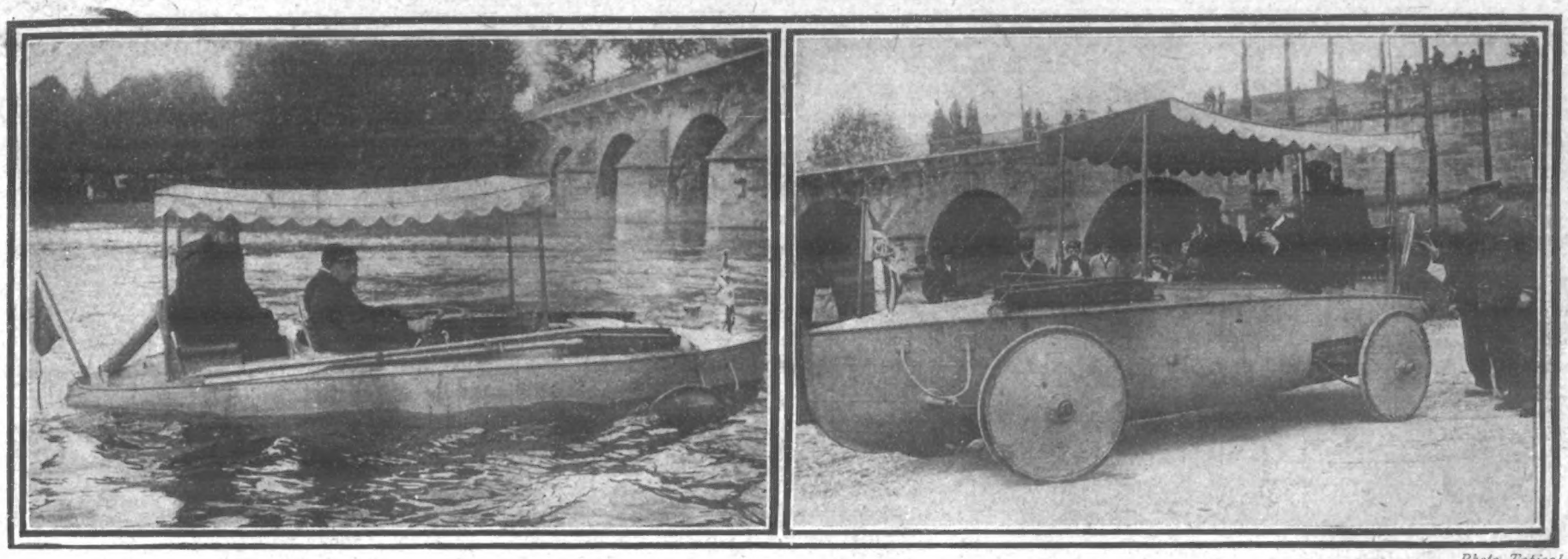


Photo. Topical.

FOR TRAVELLERS BY LAND AND WATER—NO CHANGING.

Our photographs show the Ravaillier 20-h.p. motor-car-boat, which travels equally well on the land or in the water. It has made thirty knots an hour on the river.

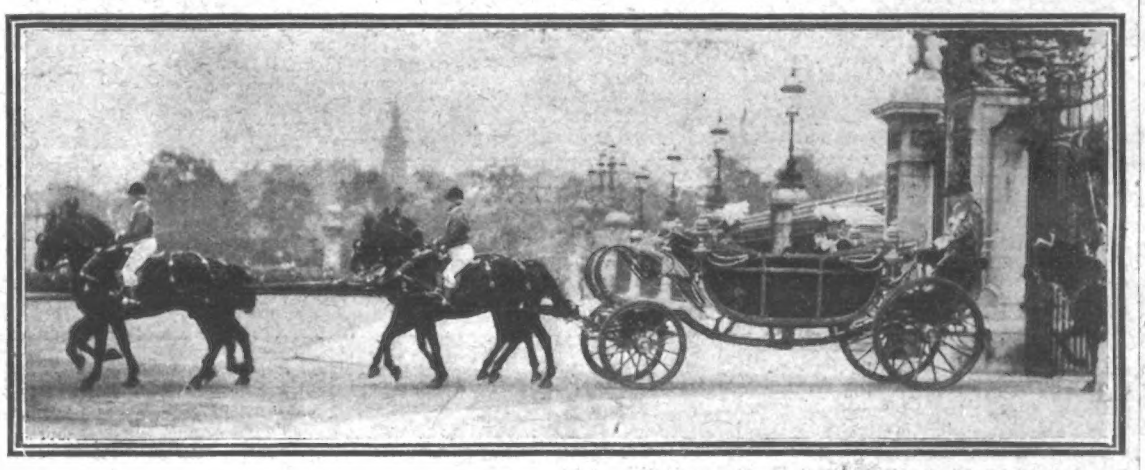
THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK IN LONDON.

THE King and Queen of Denmark were shown last Monday that Londoners know how to give a rousing welcome to those who are dear to their hearts. Their Majesties' passage through the banner-hung streets was a long triumphal progress from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall.

The first halt was made by Waterloo Place, where the King of Denmark received an address of welcome from the City of Westminster. Then, to the brazen music of the bands, the procession drove along the Strand, past the Griffin, decorated with flowers, down Fleet Street, and to the Guildhall.

The approach was a long avenue of crowns of pink and white artificial flowers, and everywhere could be seen the Danish and the civic flag intertwined with mottoes of "Velkommen," "Leve Danmark," "God Signe Danmark's Konge og Dronning."

It was shortly after one that the climax of the ceremony was reached when the Danish National Anthem burst out from the band, and the Aldermen marched slowly into the room. Next came Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Duke of Connaught with the Princess of Wales, and the Prince of Wales with the Duchess of Connaught. Preceded by the sword and mace walked the Queen of Denmark escorted by the Lord Mayor, and the King of Denmark with the Lady Mayoress.



THE ROYAL PAIR LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Recorder then presented the address of welcome contained in a casket—a beautiful work of art in gold and precious stones. The lid is a model of a Dutch galley in full sail, with the tip of the hull studded with diamonds.

"I thank you most heartily," said the King, "for your kind address and for the casket in which it is enclosed. I assure you we shall always keep this beautiful casket as a dear remembrance of the reception which has been given us to-day by your venerable and historic Corporation."

His Majesty then conferred the Order of the Dannebrog on the Lord Mayor, and likewise honoured the Sheriffs, the Town Clerk, the City Remembrancer, Mr. Hayward Pitman, chairman of the Reception Committee, Mr. Corbould Ellis, late chairman of the Library Committee, and Mr. A. G. Temple, director of the art gallery. After this the procession re-formed and entered the Guildhall itself for luncheon.

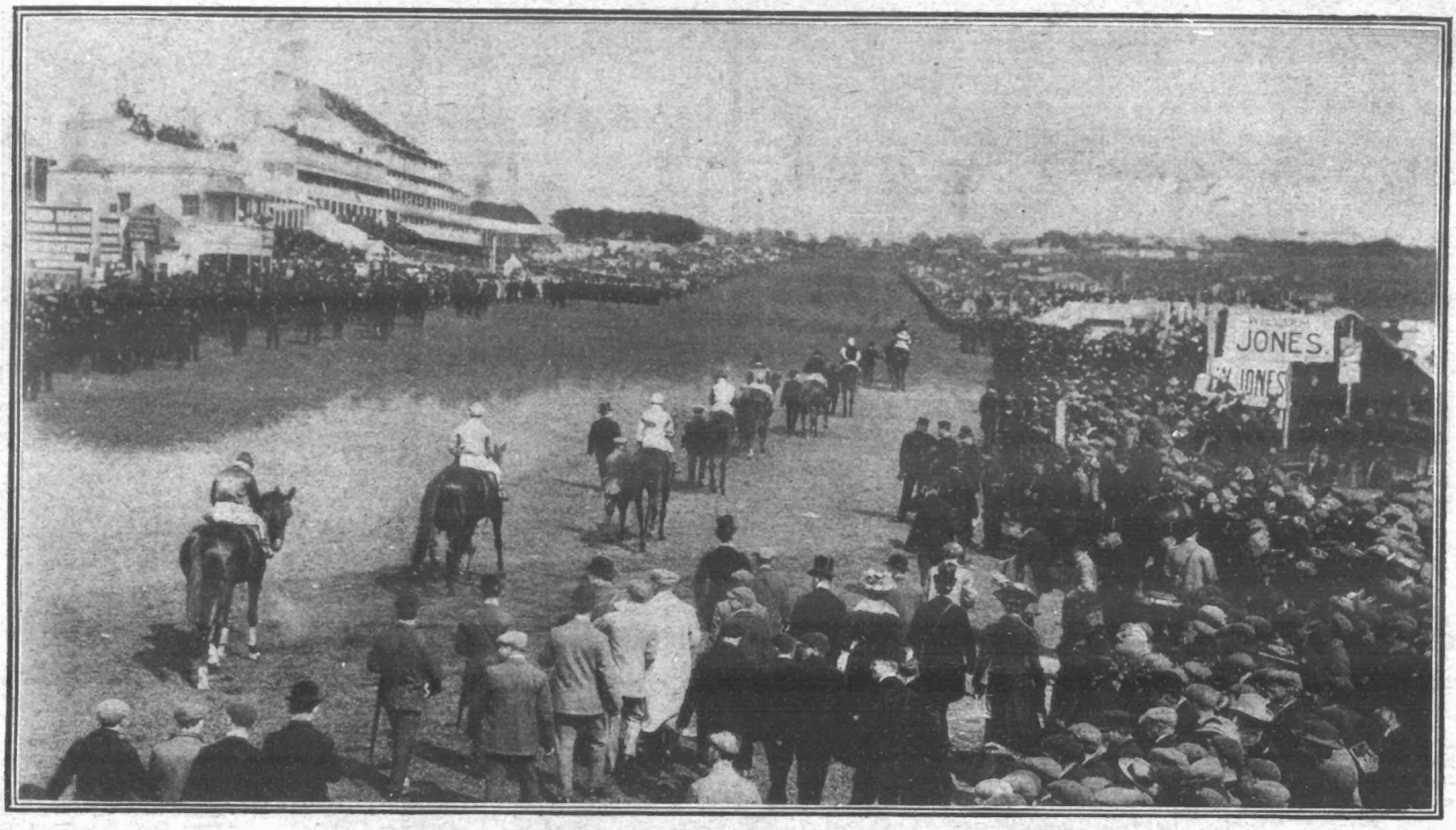
At three o'clock their Majesties and suite left the Guildhall, and returned to Buckingham Palace by the same route over which the morning procession had passed.

KEATING'S POWDER is the unrivalled killer and preventive of Moth in Furs, Blankets, etc. When you put away your winter things do not forget to thoroughly sprinkle them with "Keating's" and you will then be quite sure that you will not find them ruined by Moth when you take them out again. Sold everywhere, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Has no objectionable smell.—ADVT.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK TO ENGLAND.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

It was in beautiful weather, with the streets gaily decorated and lined with cheering people, that their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark drove to the Guildhall last Monday to luncheon.



THE PARADE FOR THE DERBY OF JUNE 5, 1907.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

CONDITIONS under which cricketers have laboured so far this season somewhat disarm criticism. Cold and wet, bleak winds and saturated wickets, has been the order, and to judge the form of a team or, for the matter of that, individual players, has been a task of considerable difficulty.

Which way the championship will go this year is a question which at the present moment passes the wit of man to determine. We are midway through June, and therefore more than a third of the cricket season has gone. Yet he would be a bold man who would attempt to say with any degree of confidence that any particular county would come out on top at the close of the season. Kent at one time looked like again going through with flying colours, but, unfortunately for them, they have, up to the time of writing, lost a couple of matches.

The only unbeaten counties so far are Notts and Middlesex. The former have a very fine side, and deserve all their "cent per cent." average. So, too, do Middlesex on their performances, but it must be borne in mind that the Metropolitans have not had nearly the same strenuous time as the Lace-men. The latter have played two matches more than Middlesex, and there can be no getting away from the fact that they are a really good all-round side. George Gunn's return to the team has been very welcome, and the form of the side as a whole has been uniformly good; but they very nearly came a cropper against Essex at Leyton, and only the sterling bowling of Hallam enabled them to pull through by the narrow margin of seven runs. At the same time, it would be unjust to withhold a meed of praise for their fielding, which was of the best and contributed not a little to the success of the Nottingham eleven.

MR. CROKER'S ORBY (THE WINNER), J. REIFF UP.

Everybody will rejoice that Hampshire are doing so well, and their victory over Kent at Southampton stands out as quite one of the best performances of the season up to date. Allowing that Kent were without Blythe—and it was no slight handicap—the task of making 306 in order to win the match seemed an impossible one. Yet it was accomplished, and Hampshire, a sporting, fighting side at any time, gained a great victory. The chief merit of the win belongs to E. M. Sprot and A. J. L. Hill, the former scoring 111 and the old Cantab 84 (not out). Others who contributed to the victory were Mead, Llewellyn, Stone, and Smoker. The latter's work was generally overlooked.

Worcestershire are going very strongly, as witness their recent victory over Lancashire. The county of the Foleys and the Fosters had a couple of members of the latter family playing for them, and one of them—"H. K."—contributed not a little to the success of his side. In conjunction with Bowley, he made the 170 runs necessary to win, the old Oxonian accounting for 73 of them and the professional for 95. It was rather unfortunate for the latter that the necessary number of runs interfered between him and the century.

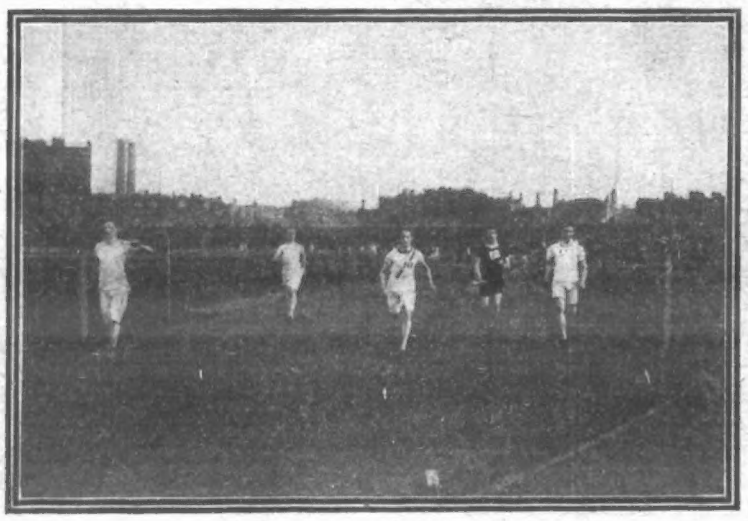
The South Africans are going strong, and only recently gained a decisive victory over Northamptonshire. It was not, of course, a high trial, for the East Midland county are not very great opponents; but against a strong team of Middlesex on Monday the Colonials made that county appear very "poor stuff," and despite the irresponsible utterings of some who have yet to receive their cricket education, they are rapidly pressing home their right to be considered one of the best sides that ever came from the Dark Continent to contest for cricket supremacy in the old country.

The 'Varsities are getting into shape, but the form of both Light and Dark Blues is conflicting. At the moment, Cambridge have most friends amongst the critics. Last week Oxford were opposed to the M.C.C., but despite a great innings of 163 by G. N. Foster, they were beaten by two wickets. Still, there was nothing to be ashamed of, for the headquarters club had a very fine side. Cambridge, regarded by many as superior to their rivals in all departments, suffered a bad beating from Yorkshire, the margin in favour of the county team being an innings and 26 runs.

GOLF.

In spite of all his Parliamentary duties Mr. A. J. Balfour keeps up enthusiasm in his great hobby—golf. He opened the new links at Sandwich on Saturday last, driving the first ball in the competition for the Founders' Gold Vase, which was eventually carried off by Mr. P. C. Quilter with a score of 84. The course adjoins the championship links of the Royal St. George's Club.

At Sandwich, on Monday, the annual 36 hole open competition for the St. George's Challenge Cup was held under difficult conditions, the strong wind that prevailed considerably handicapping the



THE CIVIL SERVICE SPORTS.

The final heat of the 100 yards; V. Brennan, who won, on the left.

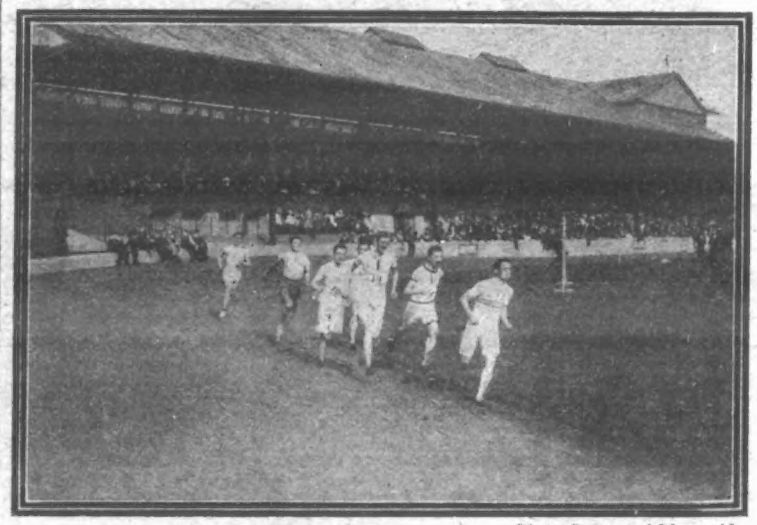
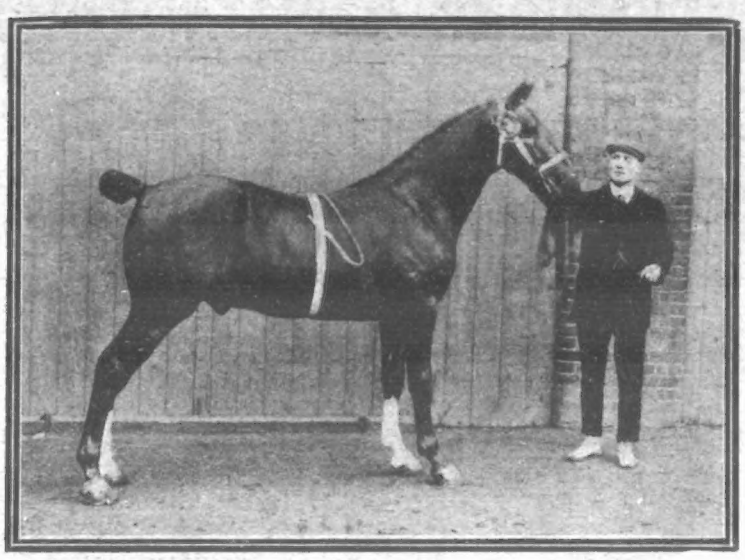


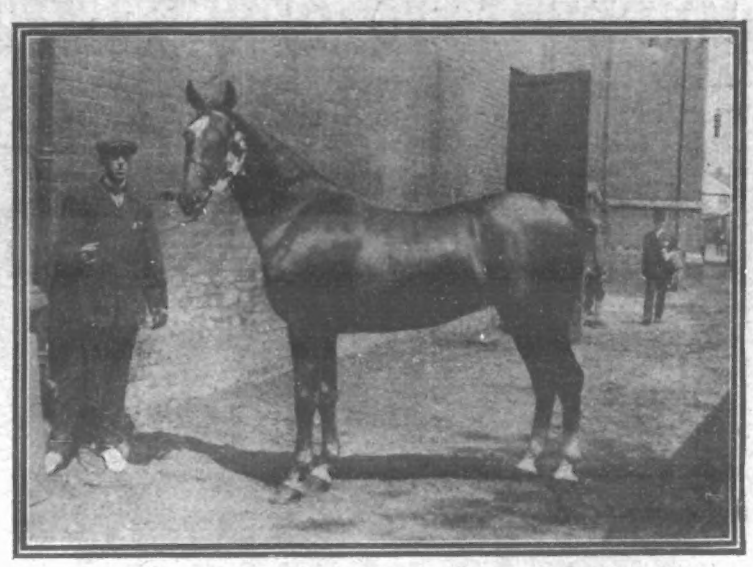
Photo. Baker and Muggeridge.

THE CIVIL SERVICE SPORTS.

The race for the "Strathcona" Challenge Cup. C. Price, the winner, is lying second.



English Horses Hold Their Own at Olympia.



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

Copmanthorpe Performer, winner of 1st and Reserve for Gold Cup.

ANOTHER ENGLISH SUCCESS.

2-yr. old hackney filly, Lively Beeswing, the property of Sir W. Gilbey, 1st and Gold Cup.

players. Mr. C. E. Dick returned 82 in the morning round, and he improved on this in the afternoon with 79, his aggregate of 161 gaining him first place. Next to the Royal Liverpool player was Mr. E. M. Smith, with 162.

LAWN-TENNIS.

There were two surprises at the East Surrey Championship meeting last Saturday. One expected to see C. M. Wilson over Miss G. Eastlake-Smith, the holder, in the Ladies' Singles championship. Miss Wilson lost the first set, but she subsequently overplayed her rival, and finally won easily.

The Anglo-American, Miss May Sutton, played in the Ladies' Singles event at the Northern Championship meeting at Manchester, but the famous little lady was defeated by the Londoner, Mrs. Sterry. In the Gentlemen's Singles M. J. G. Ritchie get into the final of the Gentlemen's Singles event, and make a good fight with A. W. Gore, the holder, but Ritchie's success was not anticipated. Yet he won, and won by sheer pluck, after being two sets to the bad. This is the first time that Gore has been beaten by Ritchie, who, by the way, is the only player who has twice defeated "Laurie" Doherty, since the latter became champion. The other "turn-up" was the victory of Miss at the same meeting the Australian, Norman Brookes, easily won the Cup, beating X. Casdagli by 6—0, 6—2.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The usual good bill of athletic fare was served up at the Civil Service meeting last Saturday. Always a popular fixture, both on account of its sporting as well as its social character, it has never failed to attract the best element of the running world, and the officials are always keen on barring the undesirables from their annual gathering at Stamford Bridge. The number of first-class athletes that have sprung from their ranks would take too long to enumerate, but C. Herbert, J. H. A. Reay, C. L. Lockton, and E. H. Pelling have all done their part in the "good old days," as well as many other prominent officials of the present time.

The sports were instituted so far back as 1864, and the latest venture was well patronised. L. J. de B. Reed, C. A. P. Price, and T. E. F. Turner, all of the South London Harriers, competed in the members' races—of course, as representatives of their various departments. Reed won the 100 yards from scratch in 10 3-5 sec., and Price took the mile scratch race in 4 min. 38 3-5 sec., but Turner failed to obtain notice from the judges. The first two also assisted the Board of Trade to win the inter-departmental relay race at a mile.

At the cycle meeting of the Irish Cycling Association at Belfast, J. Lavery won the mile championship of the Emerald Isle, his time being 2 min. 47 3-5 sec., and he met with further success in the National Cycle scratch race, which he won in 1 min. 18 1-5 sec. Another cycling championship was that of the Manchester Centre, over a quarter of a mile at the Manchester A.C. sports at Fallowfield. This was secured by a local man, W. H. Webb.

TWO TYPES OF ROAD TEAM BOTH OF WHICH WON PRIZES.

Mr. A. C. Sparkes' pair of heavy draught horses, Oldfield Duke and Oldfield Prince.

Mr. Vanderbilt's famous four-in-hand road team, the winners in their class.

"P.I.P." CRICKET RESULTS.

WAVERLEY v. BOSTON VILLA.

Played at West Ham Park on June 8, and resulted in a win for Waverley. Scores—

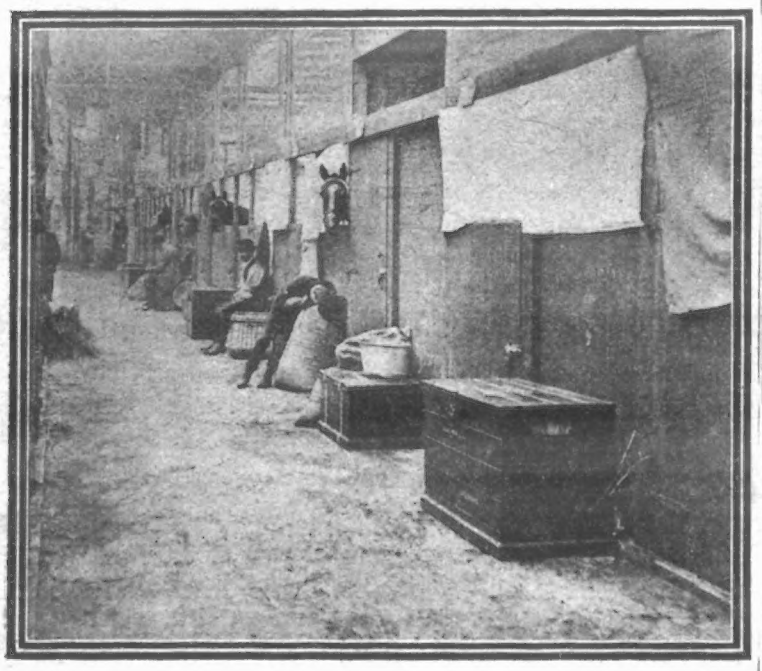
Waverley: W. Butler, b Gurney, 12; J. Oliver, b Gurney, 7; H. Huber, retired hurt, 15; A. Sansom, b Bond, 19; S. Huber, b Gurney, 42; M. Johnson, b Bond, 20; E. Brown, b Bond, 5; T. Gower, b Gardiner, 5; L. Tobious, b Gurney, 3; F. Sergeant, b Gurney, 1; W. Ross, not out, 3; extras, 3. Total, 135.

Boston Villa: W. Gurney, c and b Gower, 1; E. Bond, b Gower, 48; S. Coolbear, c Gower, b H. Huber, 4; J. Gurney, c and b Gower, 2; B. Baget, st S. Huber, 9; B. Gurney, c and b Sergeant, 1; F. Smith, b Gower, 7; S. Brandon, b Gower, 5; A. Gardiner, b H. Huber, 15; P. Alcock, b Gower 6; A. Adcock, not out, 4; extras, 3. Total, 105.

T. Gower bowled well for the winners.

ST. JAMES, CARDIFF v. GUILDFORDS, CARDIFF.

Played at Llandaff Fields, Saturday, June 8, and ended in a win for St. James by 17 runs. Total scores: St. James, 43; Guildfords, 26.

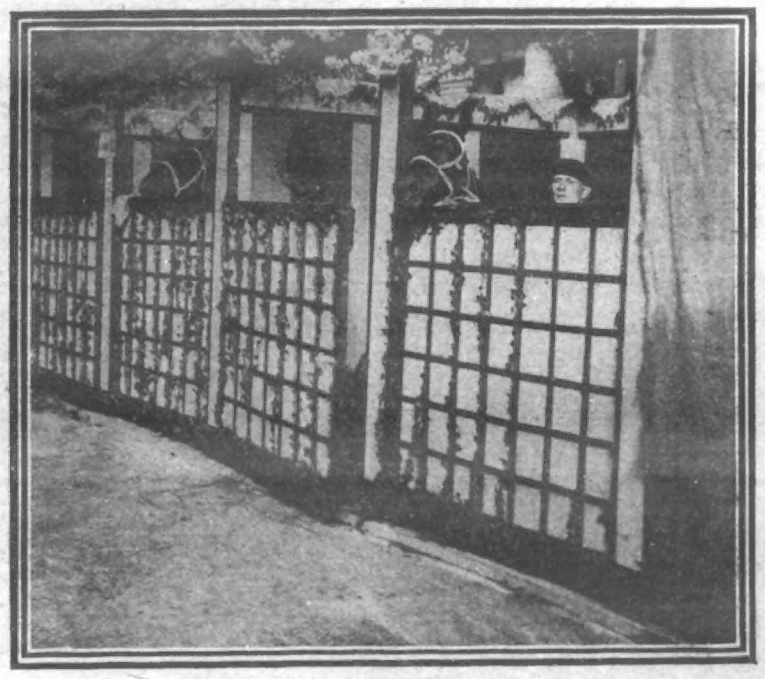


THE DEPTH OF SIMPLICITY.

Some simply fitted stalls at the International Horse Show at Olympia.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

The rough-riding President of the U. S. A. is never so happy as when riding. Our photo., taken only a week or two back, shows him negotiating a stiff jump.



THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY.

Some of the competitors in the show are housed in boxes that might well be mistaken for stalls at a bazaar

MURDERS TO ORDER: ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS FROM AMERICA.

LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE GREAT TRIAL.

Reading from left to right are shown Mrs. Pettibone and Mr. Pettibone, a leading member of the "Inner Circle" of the Western Miners' Federation; Mr. Haywood, Secretary of the Federation; and Mrs. and Mr. Moyer.

MOYER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, THE ACCUSED.

IN the great murder trial in Idaho, Harry Orchard has confessed to a scheme of wholesale murder which he embarked on at the request of the Inner Circle of the Western Federation of Miners.

The charge against William D. Haywood is the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, who was torn to pieces by a bomb which exploded at the garden-gate of his house in Caldwell, and the motive of the crime was declared to be revenge for the part he took many years before when he quelled a miners' strike by martial law. But the proceedings are really an arraignment of the Federation and its methods.

"The 'Inner Circle,'" declared the Public Prosecutor, "was neither more nor less than a band of terrorists, who were strangers alike to scruple and pity. The law is sufficiently powerful, however, to protect those who fearlessly carry out its provisions.

"The Western Federation traded in blood, hired assassins, and collected gigantic funds, which were squandered in executing the sinister projects of the few men who formed the 'Inner Circle.' The killing of Governor Steunenberg was not the primary act of the main conspiracy, but was merely incidental to it."

The prisoners being brought to the State Jail, Boise, Idaho, after having been kidnapped from Colorado. The man with the stooped shoulders is Haywood, the Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners.

STEUNENBERG CRIME.

Orchard coolly related how he met Jack Simpkins and went to Caldwell with him in November. They at first decided to kill Governor Steunenberg by means of a bomb, and planted one at the gate of his residence, but for some reason it failed to explode. They then concluded that it would be better to shoot the ex-Governor. That also fell through.

They attempted to plant another bomb during the holiday week, but Mr. Steunenberg returned home and passed into the house before their task was completed.

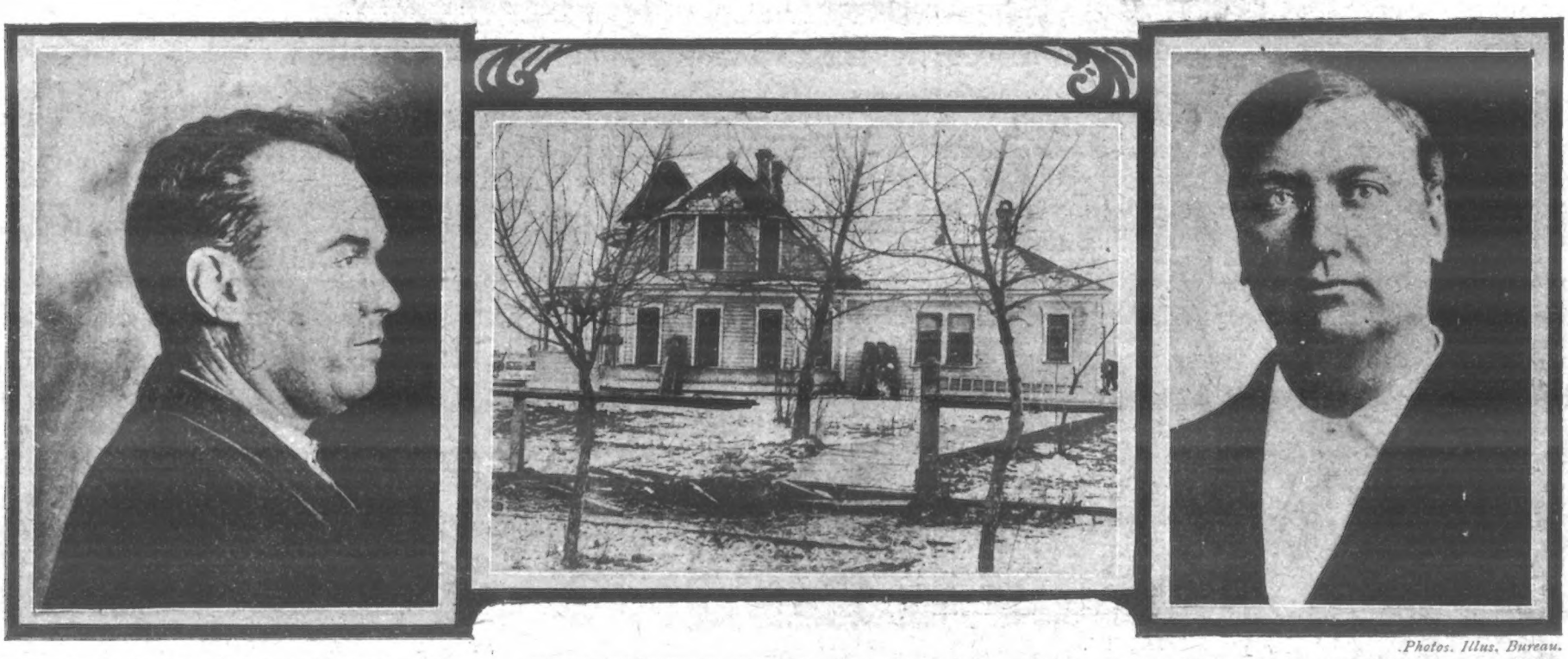
"The next time I saw the Governor," went on Orchard, "he was sitting in the Saratoga Hotel. I went up to my room, and got the bomb, hurried to Mr. Steunenberg's house, and planted the bomb by the gate. I then hurried back to the hotel, and when about two blocks away I met Mr. Steunenberg on his way home. I ran as fast as I could towards the hotel, but had not reached it when the explosion occurred."

During the recital of Governor Steunenberg's murder the dead man's son never once removed his gaze from his father's self-confessed assassin.

With the utmost composure Orchard admitted that Mr. Steunenberg was the eighteenth person whom he had murdered.

The lawyers defending Haywood have been trying hard to break down the story of the "hired assassin" Orchard, whose confessions in the trial at Boise, Idaho, have caused so great a sensation, but they have scored hardly a single point. Orchard, with the calmness and assurance which have become the marvel of everyone in court, parries every question and evades every trap by which it is hoped to induce him to contradict himself. The trial is still proceeding, and will in all probability last many days.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB, by FERGUS HUME, starts in P.I.P. Next Week.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

HARRY ORCHARD, THE MAN WHOSE REVELATIONS HAVE HORRIFIED THE WORLD.

STEUNENBERG'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE GATE WRECKED BY THE BOMB

EX-GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG, WHO WAS MURDERED.

THE KING WHO CANNOT DO WRONG.

The Visit of the King of Siam.

KNICKERBOCKERS figure prominently in the Court costume of the Queen of Siam and her ladies. Londoners, therefore, may be pardoned a little disappointment at the news that the King of Siam will not be accompanied by his beautiful Consort during his forthcoming visit to London. The sight of a bevy of royal dames stepping from their carriages in Bond Street attired in tight-fitting tunics, knickerbockers, stockings, and shoes would be entertaining indeed. That spectacle, however, may be witnessed almost daily at Bangkok.

Queen Sowayi Pongsi, in her Court costume, would delight the President of the Rational Dress Association. Her shoes are black patent-leathers, with gold buckles; her stockings and bloomers are of white silk, the latter gartered at the knee; her gay tunic is fussy with frills and laces, and is crossed by a bright blue sash bearing a glittering Order in diamonds. The costume of her bodyguard of ladies-in-waiting is the same, minus the decorations, and as the women of Siam are noted for their shapely, though petite figures, the effect is dazzling.

King Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalongkorn, "Master of the World," "Lord of Our Lives," etc., is a very cultured, up-to-date potentate, in spite of his Oriental grandiosity. His palaces are furnished literally from Maple's, and on his travels he wears the latest things in Piccadilly hats and coats. He is familiar with all the capitals of Europe, and, being an admirable linguist, he shines in any society. His admiration for Britain is shown by the fact that his son, the Crown Prince, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, while every year he sends to England a number of selected Siamese scholars to be educated at his own expense.

But Chulalongkorn is a very different personage in the seclusion of his palace at Bangkok. There he is a true Oriental in all his ways. A luxurious monarch, he lives in the lap of ease and splendour. The royal palace is a city of women, his Majesty and the royal Princes being almost the only males within its sacred precincts. The Siamese call the palace "The Inside," and they are forbidden by etiquette to make public allusion to it.

Here the King enacts the role of paterfamilias with a vengeance, for his is the largest family in the world. He has two official wives, nearly a hundred more of a minor order, and some seventy children. Political year-books, which are usually so precise in the matter of royal genealogies, are at a loss when they come to the progeny of the King of Siam. They merely specify the principal princes, and conclude with the comprehensive estimate "and others." The names of the princes nearest the throne are worth citing. They are: Choufa Maha Vajiravudh (Crown Prince); Choufa Chakrapongse Poowonarth; and Chufa Asadang Dajarvoot.

King Chulalongkorn also has fifty brothers, twenty half-brothers, and about a hundred uncles. He is so proud of his progeny that on one occasion he had twenty of his sons dressed in Eton suits, ranged them in a row like organ-pipes, and photographed them. The daughters of the King are kept in the strictest seclusion. They remain all their lives in the harem, jealously guarded. One of them, her Royal Highness Krom Khun Sophan Bhakaurdi, was cremated recently at Bangkok, and King Chulalongkorn himself lighted the funeral pyre.

The two official wives of the King—known as the First and Second Queens—have most gorgeous apartments in the Royal Palace, and they possess jewels of dazzling splendour and untold value. The walls of the royal bed-chamber are a repository of the rarest and costliest jewels: one little article alone—a thimble of gold and precious stones—cost £15,000! In these rooms hangings of exquisite tapestry and carpets of woven silver meet the eye at every turn.

The Bangkok Palace is surrounded by high white walls a mile in circumference. Among the wonders of "The Inside" are temples, harems, barracks for a thousand soldiers, an arsenal, a theatre, and an ornamental lake containing an extraordinary submerged pavilion, to which the King resorts when the heat becomes unbearable.

This extraordinary pavilion was built by a Chinese architect entirely of glass—walls, floors, ceiling—and all joined by an indissoluble cement. The plates or slabs of different sorts and thicknesses and of variegated colours were obtained in France, whither an agent had been sent. When put together they formed the prettiest and strangest structure that imagination can picture. The Chinese architect, true to the genius of his race, had ornamented it with quaint turrets and gables that made it seem a toy house.

By mechanical means it was so arranged that, when empty, the pavilion would rise to the surface of the miniature lake. At a little distance it resembles nothing so much as a pretty conservatory. Passing along a little later you might wonder what had become of the pavilion. An attendant would tell you that the King was taking recreation at the bottom of the lake, and point to the spire-like ventilators rising above the level of the placid surface as evidence of the truth of what he tells you.

By one door only can the King enter, and this closes hermetically after him. At once the edifice begins to sink, the valves in the tall pipes in the roof open, and in a few minutes it is resting beneath the placid waters. There, in his cool and perfectly dry habitation, with the softened light trickling through the panes of coloured and figured glass, the King spends the hot summer days, singing, smoking, eating, and drinking, with his harem favourites about him.

King Chulalongkorn's character is a curious mixture of eccentricity and shrewdness. One of his weaknesses is collecting common match-boxes for the sake of their labels; another is gambling, which is a failing of the Siamese. Chulalongkorn will wager on any trivial contest, from an elephant-race to a beetle-fight. It is said that he once staked a wife on the result of a race between two fishes, and lost. The lady, however, loved her royal master, so she promptly murdered her new lord and returned to the Palace immediately. The matter escaped the Courts, and a discreet silence concerning it was preserved in Chulalongkorn's presence.

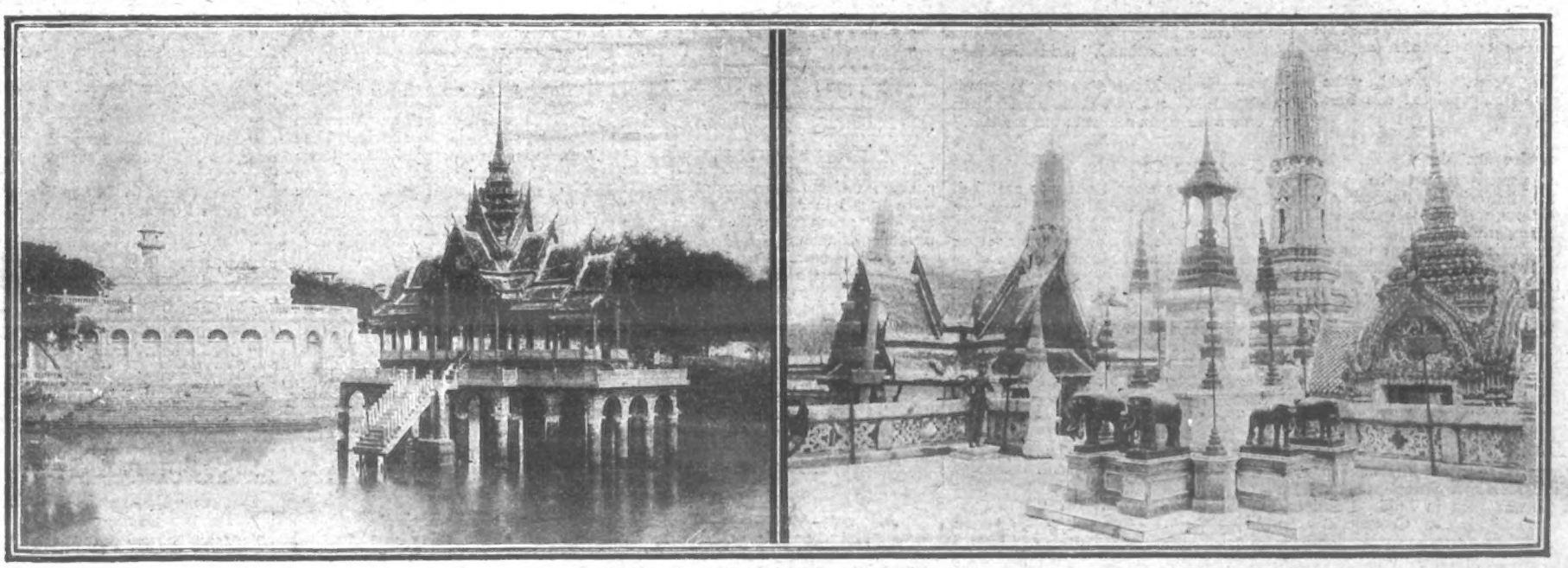
His shrewdness is illustrated by the following utterances. He once wrote to his sons these words: "You must not brag of the fact that you are royal princes, nor allow your attendants to do so. The expenses of your education I defray out of my private purse, not at the expense of the State. It is better that I should spend my money thus than that I should leave you a fortune, for your education is of lasting value, and you cannot be robbed of it. I consider it as the most valuable inheritance, and will give the same good education even to the least developed of my sons. . . . Remember, it is not as easy to earn money as to spend it. The money spent on your education is part of what your father receives in consideration of his work done in caring for the welfare of his people. Such money must be spent for useful purposes only."

Again, when his Majesty received from his Cabinet a petition imploring him to abandon motoring, which they considered highly dangerous, he returned the petition with the message: "It is not motors, but the hearts of men which are to be feared. It is more difficult to understand the heart of man than to steer a motor-car. These vehicles rush straight to the point, but the heart of man is given to tortuous windings, which lead astray and cause the ruin and misery of thousands for every one unfortunate that the motor runs down. My dynasty, which you profess to love so much, stands not in jeopardy because I love to ride in a motor-car. False adulation and perfidy are the only dangers it has to fear. For the rest I am careful of my life, and those of my subjects, and I will remain a motorist to the end of my days."

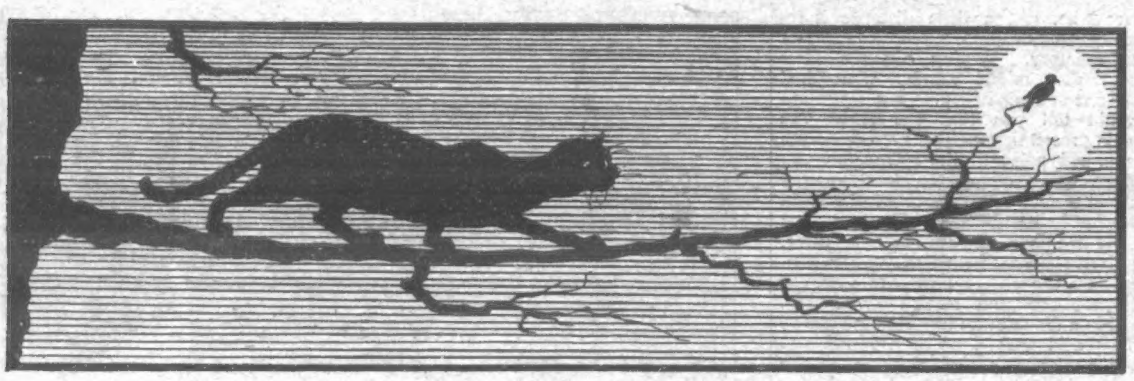
Motor-car makers, by the way, are looking forward to Chulalongkorn's visit, for his Majesty is a most ardent motorist, and he is expected to make large purchases of cars in France and England. His last visit to London was in 1897, when he stayed at the Siamese Legation in South Kensington. He will arrive in London next week.

HIS MAJESTY IN STATE DRESS.

BANGKOK, THE CAPITAL OF SIAM



TWO VIEWS IN THE KING OF SIAM'S BEAUTIFUL ORIENTAL PALACE.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Foiled.

The train was about to start for B—— A police-inspector, who was walking up and down the platform, stepped up to the window of a first-class carriage nearly full of passengers.

After looking inside, he remarked: "Be careful, gentlemen; you have here a couple of sharpers."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed a very stylish-looking gentleman, preparing to get out. "I haven't the slightest inclination to travel in such company." Another, who was sitting in the opposite corner, then said—

"I have a large sum of money about me, and don't wish to run the risk of losing it," whereupon he, too, alighted.

"Now, gentlemen," the inspector calmly remarked, "now you can set your minds at rest; they are both gone."

For the Third Time.

An Englishman chancing to be in Aberdeen decided to call on a granite merchant with whom he had done business some years previously, but whom he had not seen since. Proceeding to his stoneyard, and observing a youth polishing a slab of granite, he inquired—

"Is Mr. Fraser in?"

The youth replied—"Mr. Fraser 's no' in."

"Ah, well, I 'll call again."

Returning in half an hour, he again asked—

"Is Mr. Fraser in?"

"Mr. Fraser 's no' in."

"Then I 'll come again this afternoon, and perhaps find him."

Once more the visit was repeated and the same question put—"Is Mr. Fraser in?"

"Mr. Fraser 's no' in."

"Do you think he will be in soon?"

"I think he 'll no' be in sune."

"What makes you think so?"

"Mr. Fraser 's deid."

In Excuse.

A story is told of a South African banker who, hearing a commotion at the back of his house, hurried out to find his son enjoying himself immensely by chasing some frightened Kaffirs round the yard with a red-hot poker.

After a severe lecture from his father, the youngster promised that he would never do it again.

A day or two later the same commotion was heard, and the same youth was found causing havoc with the self-same poker.

"How dare you?" said the irate parent.

"But, father——" interrupted the young culprit.

"Didn't I tell you——"

"But, father——"

"Don't 'but father' me, Sir!"

The youngster, however, convinced of the satisfactory nature of his explanation, would not be silenced.

"But, father," he said, "the red-hot part 's only painted this time!"—*Chums.*

From the Sublime.

The passengers on the pleasure-steamer, having just finished a really good dinner, were enjoying the beauties of the wonderful Highland scenery.

A majestic ravine came into view—all tender greys and shimmering browns, and blues. The girl in the pink frock held her breath till the spot was out of sight.

"Oh, Cecil," she then said, "what a lovely gorge that was!"

"Yes," said her brother absently, "quite the best feed we 've had since we left London."

Youthful Patriotism.

There is a small boy at Islington whose father is a Frenchman, but who himself was born in England and has lived here all his life. Consequently, he considers himself to be an Englishman. He has recently gone to school, and has been taking his first lessons in English history. The other night he looked up from his book, musingly, and said to his father—

"Papa, we licked you awfully at the Battle of Waterloo, didn't we?"—*The Penny Magazine.*

Quite Different.

A sergeant in one of the Irish infantry regiments has a small but active wife, of whom he stands in considerable awe. One day, he lost his temper. The object of his wrath was a dog belonging to the wife of one of his superior officers. The lady overheard some of his statements, and took him severely to task.

"You ought to be ashamed to say such things, and to lose your temper with an animal," she said, while the big sergeant looked shamefaced and anxious.

"I shall report your language."

"To—to her, Ma'am?" faltered the penitent soldier.

"To my husband," said the lady haughtily.

"Do so, Ma'am," said the culprit cheerfully. "I well deserve it. I was only fearing you meant to tell me wife."

Just the Trouble.

A popular novelist recently sent half of the manuscript of his latest book to a typist to copy, saying that the rest of the story would not be ready for several weeks, and that she would be told when to call for it.

Five days later the young lady called on the writer and asked for the remainder of the manuscript.

"You know I said it would not be ready for some weeks," the author answered. "I 'll let you know when it is."

The typist came back within forty-eight hours.

"I thought perhaps you might have got it done," she apologised.

The novelist shook his head.

"Well," she went on, "won't you please tell me which one of her suitors the heroine finally marries? Then I won't bother you again."

"I don't know yet myself," was the answer. "She doesn't seem able to make up her mind. That 's just what 's causing the delay."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Why Podkins Didn't Take the Pills.

"I want something for my liver," said the stranger.

"Podkins's pills are the very thing for you," the chemist replied.

"No, I won't try them."

"But," said the chemist, "they are recommended by the whole of the medical profession, and their efficacy is testified to by thousands of the most enthusiastic testimonials."

The stranger shook his head.

"All my customers swear by them," the chemist continued. "In fact, Podkins's pills for the liver are the most wonderful medicine on earth."

"I know all that," said the stranger.

"Then why won't you try them?" urged the chemist.

"Well, you see, I am Podkins."

"Also Ran——"

Most people who are at all familiar with the evening papers will have noticed, under the names of the first three horses in a race, the line, "Also ran——"; then follow the names of the unsuccessful animals.

In this connection an amusing little story is told. On hearing the result of a certain race a somewhat shady firm of bookmakers, having offices in a large city, decided that it would be wise to seek fresh woods and pastures new.

Next morning an expectant and eager crowd of winning "clients" ascended the stairs and approached the office door, to find a notice affixed thereto. It read pretty nearly as follows—

D—— Stakes.
1. Flyaway.
2. Scorer.
3. The Duke.

Also ran—
Holdit and Hurry,
Turf Commission Agents.

Probably the firm is still running, and a good many clients would like to know in which direction.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

The Healthy Life.

["Breathe six times a minute."—*Mr. Eustace Miles.*]

[The latest form of physical culture is to jump round your bed-room on all fours.—*Daily Paper.*]

If you want in this beautiful world to stay,
And be beautiful while you 're in it,
You must count your breathing by night and day—
Six deep breaths to the minute.

You must weigh your meals in a scale that 's true,
And your pudding must have no suet,
You must keep account of the food you chew,
And the number of times you chew it.

To thwart the germs that around you lurk
(To slay you they think fine frolic),
You must plunge each day ere you start your work
In a tub of strong carbolic.

And then to preserve your healthy bloom,
And give your muscles a gay time,
You must prance on all fours around the room,
Like an ass in a field at hay-time.

You must sterilise hats and coats and shoes
In a bath of sterilised vapour,
And read the sterilised morning news
In a sterilised morning paper.

And sleep at night in a sterilised bed,
With an open window facing,
For the winds that whistle around your head,
You will find extremely bracing.

Sunday Chronicle, Manchester.

Quits.

The late Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") used to relate an amusing story with regard to bogus degrees. A sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding Judge called the sweep to give evidence, and the first question he asked him was, "What is your name?"

"James Gregory, LL.D., Sir."

"What! Doctor of Laws? And where on earth did you get that distinction?"

"'Twas a fellow fra' an American university, an' I swept his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I 'll make ye an LL.D., an' we 'll ca' it quits.' And he did."

Compressed.

American tourists are supposed to hold the world's record as lightning trippers. Here is a story of one of them—

He drove up to the British Museum in London in a hansom cab, leaped out, rushed up to the door, and said to the uniformed official there—

"Have you still got the Elgin marbles?"

"Yes, Sir. Of course, Sir."

"Good. And the Assyrian winged bulls?"

"They 're still here, Sir."

"What about those 6000-year-old human remains on the second floor—they 're not sold yet, are they?"

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS; BUT—

A STORY THAT IS REPEATED——

"No, indeed, Sir. Won't you step in and see them?"

"No, thanks. I 'll just read about them in the Guide. You see, I 've got Westminster, St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, and the Victoria and Albert Museum to do this morning; and I must get a train for Oxford in time to run over the colleges before starting for Stratford-on-Avon to stay the night. So long, Sir."

Until Then.

"Do you really think that the tone of the parish has altered since I entered upon my work here, Mr. Giles?" asked the earnest young vicar.

"Indeed, and I do, Sir," replied the old farmer.

"I am truly delighted to learn that my ministrations have been crowned with success," returned the vicar, with a gratified smile.

"Success ain't the word for it, Vikkur!" exclaimed the simple rustic. "Ontil yew coom into the parish, we never knowed what sin was!"

Indicated.

The bachelor community of a certain suburb were greatly scared by the advent amongst them of a fearsome type of the desperate, husband-hunting spinster.

After throwing each of the local bachelors into a state of terror, lest he should be the recipient of her attentions, the lady finally captured the curate.

Local bachelordom was so intensely relieved at its escape that it united in presenting the curate with a splendid wedding-present, in the shape of a costly table-service. The curate was overwhelmed.

"Such a magnificent service!" he gasped.

"Well, you see, my boy," exclaimed the chief of the local bachelors, "it is really our thanksgiving service."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Biter Bitten.

Doctor X. was called at two o'clock one bitter winter morning to visit a patient four miles away. On his arrival the latter said—

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but, somehow or other, I feel that death is nigh."

The doctor examined the man, felt his pulse, and listened to his heart. Then he said—

"Have you made your will?"

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—there seemed time enough yet. Oh! doctor, it ain't true, is it—that——"

"Who is your lawyer?" the doctor interrupted.

"Smith."

"Then you had better send for him at once," said the doctor, curtly. "Who 's your pastor?"

"The Rev. Mr. Brown," answered the patient in a low, tremulous voice. "But, doctor, do you think——"

"Send for him post-haste. Your mother, too, should be summoned, also your——"

The patient began to weep.

"Doctor, do you really think I am going to die?" he wailed.

"No, I don't," said the doctor, eyeing him intently. "There 's nothing the matter with you. But I hate to be the only man you have made a fool of to-night!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

In That Case.

Doctor: "You require a little dieting. Eat two boiled eggs every morning for breakfast."

Patient: "I do, doctor."

"Then don't."

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB, by FERGUS HUME, starts in P.I.P. Next Week.

Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

"THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

"The Midnight Wedding."

In consequence of the great success of "Her Love Against the World," at the Lyceum Theatre, Messrs. Smith and Carpenter are going to produce another play by the same author, Walter Howard, on Saturday next. The new play is entitled "The Midnight Wedding," and is of somewhat the same romantic type as the one now running. As "The Christian" is booked to appear in August, and another play later in the autumn, "The Midnight Wedding" can have but a very short run.

"The Merry Widow."

"The Merry Widow," the English adaptation of "Die Lustige Witwe," produced at Daly's Theatre on Saturday night, is a dainty and delightful musical entertainment that deserves to, and in all probability will, succeed. Mr. George Edwardes, having determined to prove that art and amusement are not necessarily antagonistic, has presented one after the other "Veronique," "The Duchess of Dantzig," "The Little Michus," "The Merveilleuses"; and now, with "The Merry Widow," he has beaten all his own records. The play is essentially Parisian, and, indeed, Herr Felix Behar's score is a perfect and an irresistible expression of light-hearted joyousness. The melodies are delicious, the orchestration is delicate and distinguished. Soon the famous waltz, the Vilia song, and the male septette will be played by every band in the kingdom

A Family of Actors.

I can well imagine that the children of some strolling players used to have a hard time of it, but my mother was not one to shirk her duties. She worked hard at her profession (says Ellen Terry in her autobiography that is appearing in *M.A.P.*), and yet found it possible not to *drag* up her children to live or die, as it happened, but to bring them up to be healthy, happy, and wise—theatre-wise, at any rate. When her babies were too small to be left at the lodgings (which she and my father took as near to the theatre as possible in each town they visited), she would bundle us up in a shawl and put us to sleep in her dressing-room. So it was that long before I spoke in a theatre I slept in one. Later on, when we were older, and mother could leave us at home, there was a fire one night at our lodgings, and she rushed out of the theatre and up the street in an agony of terror. She got us out of the house all right, took us to the theatre, and went on with the next act as if nothing had happened. Such fortitude is commoner in our profession, I think, than in any other. We "go on with the next act" whatever happens, and if we know our business no one in the audience will ever guess that anything is wrong—that since the curtain last went down some dear friend has died, or that our children in the theatrical lodgings up the street have run the risk of being burned to death.

MR. EDMUND PAYNE IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Impersonating a Mustard-Pot.

During the rehearsals of a pantomime in a Scottish town (Glasgow, I think. Glasgow has always been an eventful place to me!) a child was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard-pot. What more natural than that my father should offer my services? I had a shock of pale-yellow hair, I was small enough to be put into the property mustard-pot, and the Glasgow stage-manager would easily assume that I had inherited talent. My father had acted with Macready in the stock seasons both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and bore a very high reputation with Scottish audiences. But stage-manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard-pot I yelled lustily and showed more lung-power than aptitude for the stage.

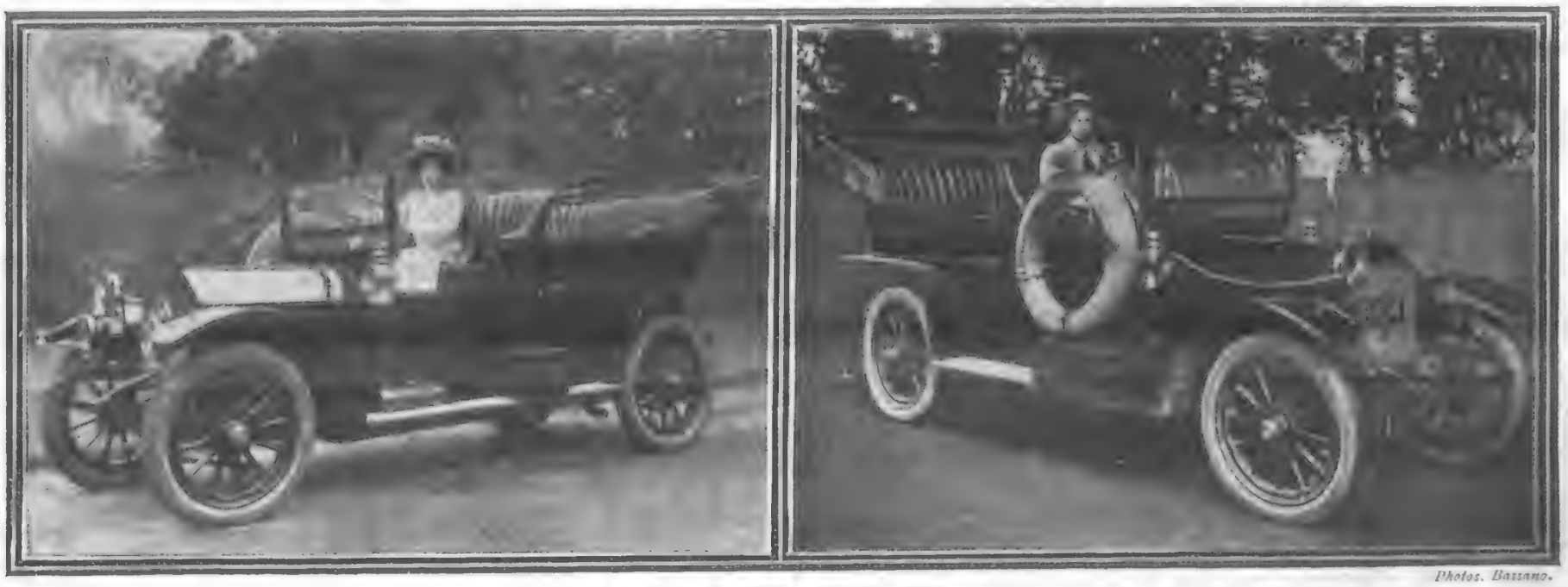
"Put your child into the mustard-pot, Mr. Terry," said the stage-manager.

"Damn you and your mustard-pot, Sir!" said my mortified father. "I won't frighten my child for you or anyone else!"

But, all the same, he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home he put me in the corner to chasten me. "You'll never make an actress," he said, shaking a reproachful finger at me.

It is *my* mustard-pot, and why Kate should want it I can't think. She hadn't yellow hair, and she couldn't possibly have behaved so badly. I have often heard my parents say significantly that they had no trouble with *Kate*. Before she was four she was dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's jumper, a rakish little hat, and a diminutive pair of white ducks. These ducks, marked "Kate Terry," were kept by mother for years as a precious relic, and are, I hope, still in the family archives

I stick to the mustard-pot, but I entirely disclaim the little Duke of York in "Richard III.," which someone with a good memory stoutly insists he saw me play before I made my first appearance as Mamilius. Except for this abortive attempt at Glasgow, I was never on any stage even for a rehearsal until 1856, at the Princess's Theatre, when I appeared with Charles Kean in "A Winter's Tale."



Photos. Bassano.

MAIDS OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

Miss May de Sousa and Miss Pauline Chase, two charming young musical comedy actresses, on their Aerial-Simplex cars.

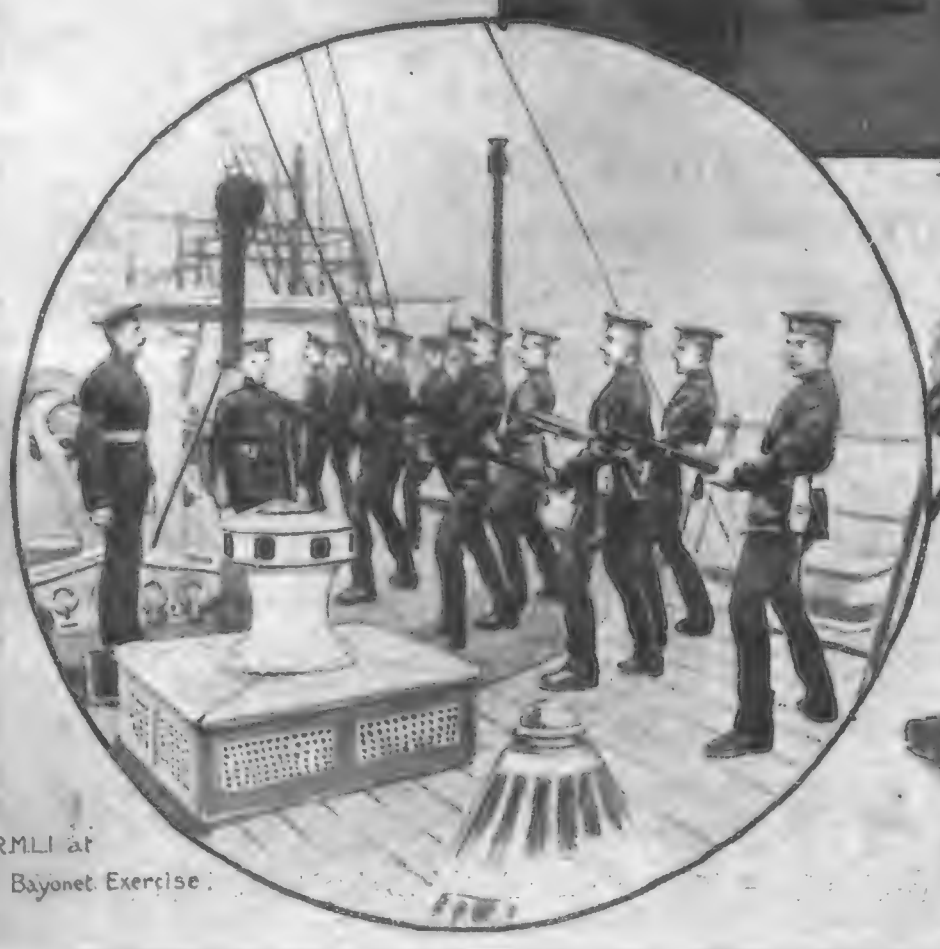
FAMOUS REGIMENTS
No 7
THE ROYAL MARINES

"SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO"

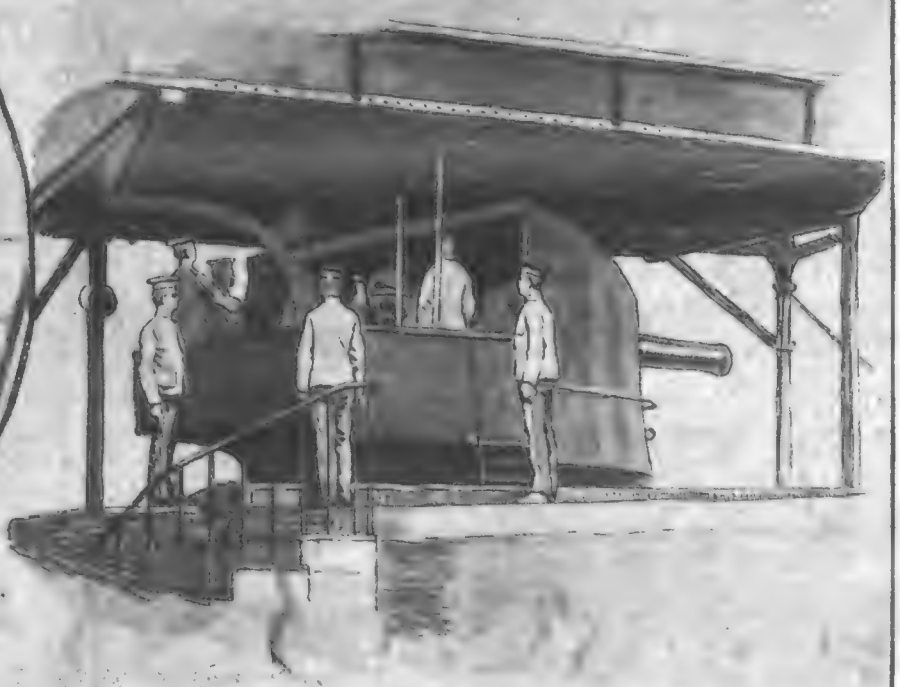
ST VINCENT	GIBRALTAR	EGYPT	CHINA	BURMA
SPAIN	CULLODEN	TRAFALGAR	S. AFRICA	LUCKNOW
ZULULAND	AMERICA			

R.M.A. Barracks, Eastney.

The Marines at the Defence of the Pekin Legation.



R.M.L.I. at Bayonet Exercise.



Royal Marine Artillerymen at Eastney, at Naval Gun Drill.

THE ROYAL MARINES.

Although to the casual observer the Marine in his military uniform would be adjudged a soldier, he is really a unit of the sister service, and is under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty. No record of the service would be complete without mention of "His Majesty's Jollies."

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By Fergus Hume.

A word in advance to our readers concerning this Thrilling Story, which commences in next week's P.I.P.

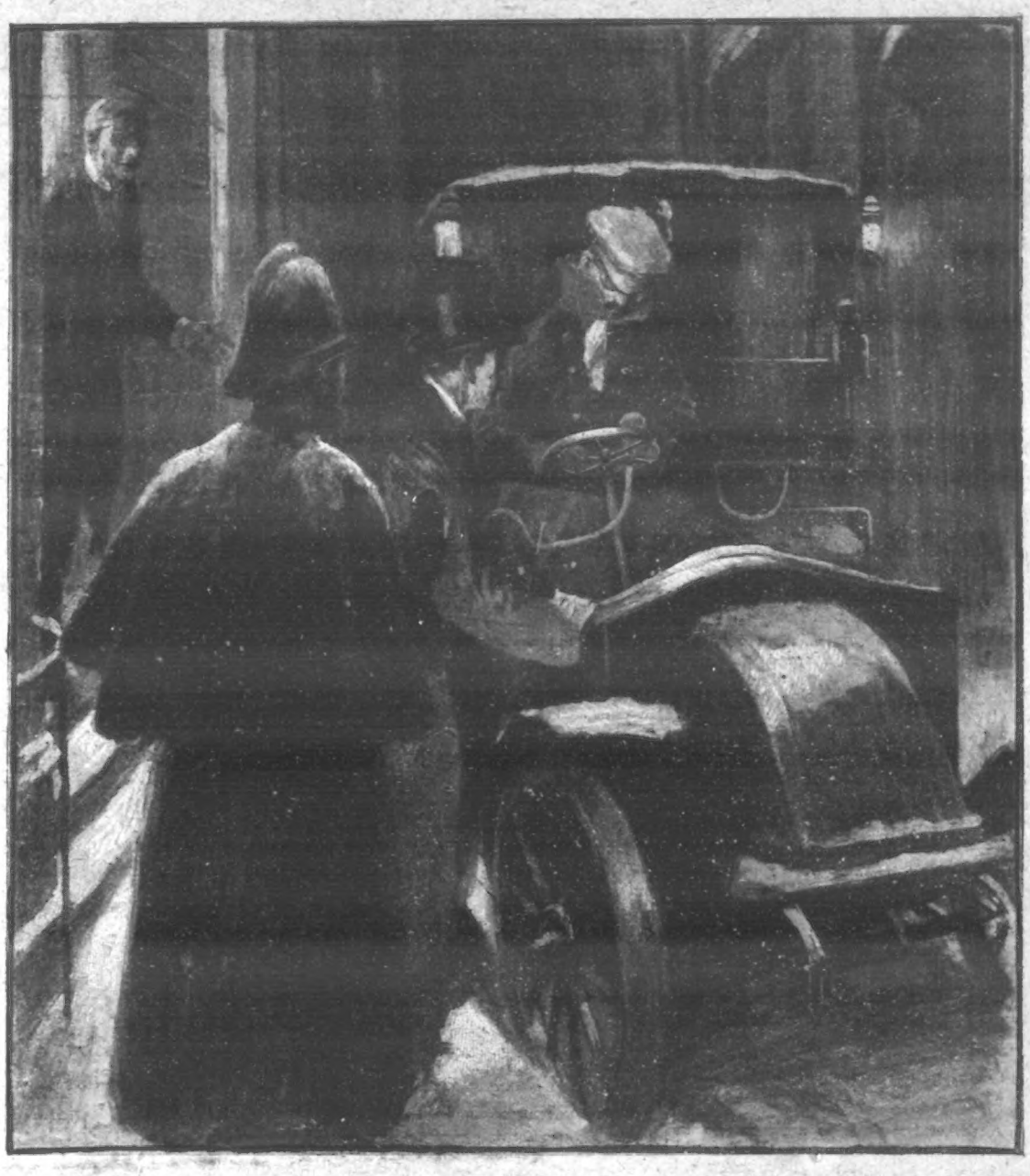
SOME years ago a practically unknown author leapt with a bound into fame, for he wrote "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Never before, and never since, has there been such a sale for a detective story, and within a few weeks it would have been difficult to find a man or woman who had not read it. It became a household word, as did the name of its clever author.

In the years that have followed, Mr. Fergus Hume's pen has not been idle, and many are the engrossing tales of mystery that he has woven from his inventive brain. We venture to say, however, that his new story, "The Mystery of a Motor-Cab," will surpass them all in popularity, because it is undoubtedly one of the finest that he has ever written. From start to finish it brims and overflows with interest, leading you on unresistingly from chapter to chapter, until, all too soon, the end comes with the solving of the great mystery.

Naturally enough, we are not going to let you into the secret of the story for the telling of a secret robs it of its fascination. Buy the *P.I.P.* next week, read the first long instalment of the story, and then ask yourself "Who killed the chauffeur?" Perhaps you will find an answer to the question, perhaps a dozen, but even then you may discover yourself wrong in the end. "The Mystery of a Motor-Cab" is a mystery more than in name.

Our illustration shows the finding of the murdered chauffeur.

Order your copy of the *P.I.P.* early for next week, as there is sure to be a great demand for it.



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represents a new feature in the art of soap-making. It is made from fruit and vegetable oils, and contains no animal fat. Alone, these oils are soothing and emollient. When delicately blended and manufactured into Plantol Soap, they act as a balm to the skin.

A TOILET TREASURE

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND

The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

SOME charming costumes for present wear are obtainable at this price. What could be prettier than the "Nancie," a becoming gown in striped cotton voile, prettily trimmed with guipure, net, etc., and mounted on a useful foundation of batiste. The blouse bodice is made V-shaped in front, with wide, flat tucks over the shoulders, and short puff-sleeves. The simple skirt is adorned with two narrow bias flounces of self-material. The costume, in holly-blue, navy, sky-mauve, pink and black stripes, affords ample choice to the most exacting.

From 39s. 6d.

The "Suzanne" is a very dainty summer frock of particularly unique design. Fashioned in white-ground cotton voile, with hair stripes of colour, it is trimmed with glacé silk to match the stripe. The full skirt has a deep hem headed with a band of colour, while the bodice has a very deep yoke simulated by a broad band of silk. The sleeves are also overhung, kimono fashion, by broad bands of the silk edged with a ruche. At the elbow they are finished off with three small frills. This frock is mounted on white batiste, and is carried out in several tasteful shades of navy, brown, black, green, and red.

At 45s. 6d.

A rather broad stripe achieves one of the smartest effects, and there could hardly be a better example of this than the "Goodwood," which is indeed an attractive gown for afternoon wear. Made of the fashionable striped cotton voile, and mounted on batiste, it is arranged with elegant trimmings of glacé silk and lace. In the skirt the stripes are arranged to meet in a point at the waist in front, and slope downwards, and from the knee to the foot of the skirt are laid three bias folds of material, set on in Vandykes. The blouse bodice is particularly pretty, opening over a vest of lace. The collar, which spreads over the shoulders, and the sleeves, are decorated with medallions of lace, and a lattice-work trimming of glacé silk. A very smart hat to wear with this gown has an undulating brim, and is wreathed with small flowers, while a long drooping feather starts on one side of the hat, is drawn across the crown, and falls gracefully over the hair on the other side.

At 2½ Guineas.

For children's wear small yokes with loose flowing skirts are still worn, and these may be either plain or trimmed at the foot. The yokes, especially in washing materials, show much fine tucking or lace insertion, while some are outlined by several tiny lace frills. A white spotted muslin, lawn, or silk frock looks pretty with the yoke outlined, Empire fashion, with lace or embroidery beading, through which a delicate-hued ribbon is passed and tied in a large bow on the left, or formed into a big rosette. For best wear it looks both simple and picturesque with tiny lace-edged frills at the hem of the skirt, and worn with a dainty little mushroom hat in Leghorn, trimmed suitably (for a little maid of from four to seven) with rosettes of baby-ribbon placed at intervals around the crown. The same idea might be carried out in coloured linen or holland for the seaside; and, instead of the beading, eyelet-holes worked in silk, placed at regular distances, serve the same purpose and allow of ribbon being drawn through. With a holland frock, or one of dark blue serge, scarlet is the best note of colour to strike, and a scarlet ribbon or sash and a poppy-wreathed mushroom hat look useful and becoming in most instances. The French long bodice, with the beading placed very low, divides favour just now with the Empire style. This is a distinct novelty for girls' wear, having hitherto been chiefly monopolised for little boys.

The Empire Yoke for Children.

Shantung silk is also an ideal fabric for children's wear, as it does not crush and is most durable. Of course, the pinafore style at once suggests itself for this material, and for best frocks for girls of twelve to fourteen the anxious mother could hardly make a better choice. The colourings, too, could hardly fail to please the most exacting schoolgirl who wishes to have a voice in the matter of her clothes. Dyed tussores and shantungs are, indeed, enjoying a well-deserved measure of popularity just now. Like foulard, that friend of the matron, they are a silk which suits youth on almost every occasion. If elaborately made, like one I saw lately in pale blue, it proves eminently smart and becoming.

A Popular Fabric.

Last year's summer or spring gown can be brought up to date with a few skilful and cheap renovations. If the skirt is full, with a well-defined hip-line, it will still hold its own; while the great question of the bodice will undoubtedly prove to be the sleeves. Should they, fortunately, be fairly full, they can be unpicked, and with the aid of a pattern an epaulette can be contrived out of them, and this, with the addition of full undersleeves of point d'esprit, ring-net, or lace, makes the dress quite presentable. If preferred, or if the bodice lends itself to it, the fashionable bretelles of figured chiné or plain silk ribbon with epaulettes and wide belt attached will go a long way towards covering up deficiencies.

To Renovate a Light Frock.

A good way of sewing on bed-valances, which are still beloved of old-fashioned people, is to sew the valances on to the sheet-covering of the bed instead of to the mattress itself. They can then be taken off with the border and the dust shaken out of them, and this method also keeps them even and in better position.

Here is a simple recipe which many may find acceptable. Mix two ounces of melted butter with eight ounces of grated Parmesan cheese; then add two wineglassfuls of milk and three eggs well beaten. Mix all together thoroughly and bake in a buttered dish for half-an-hour. Cheese contains a great deal of nourishment, and as so many people nowadays are vegetarians, the above will be found an excellent dish for a vegetarian lunch or supper, and even the more epicurean meat-eater may deign to partake of it as cheese pudding.

For Those Who Like Cheese.

TEACHING GIRLS BUSINESS.

THE Central Bureau for the Employment of Women proposes to initiate "dress rehearsals" of office routine for girls who have finished their training in stenography.

Miss Spencer, the secretary of the Central Bureau, explained the scheme to a newspaper representative the other day.

"Our object is to help the girl who is thoroughly proficient in shorthand, type-writing, and book-keeping, but lacks the necessary knowledge of office routine," Miss Spencer said. "As a rule, a girl who is obliged to earn her own living trains in secretarial work, and then seeks for employment in a City office. She soon discovers that she will have to give her services free for some time until she has practical acquaintance with office routine. Six months may be passed in an unsalaried post, and then, perhaps, for another period, a minimum wage may be offered. To many women this is a very serious difficulty, and it is this branch of women workers that we hope to aid. Our design is to give the ordinary business experience in the necessary department. It will be, in fact, a practical 'dress rehearsal' of the general routine of office life."

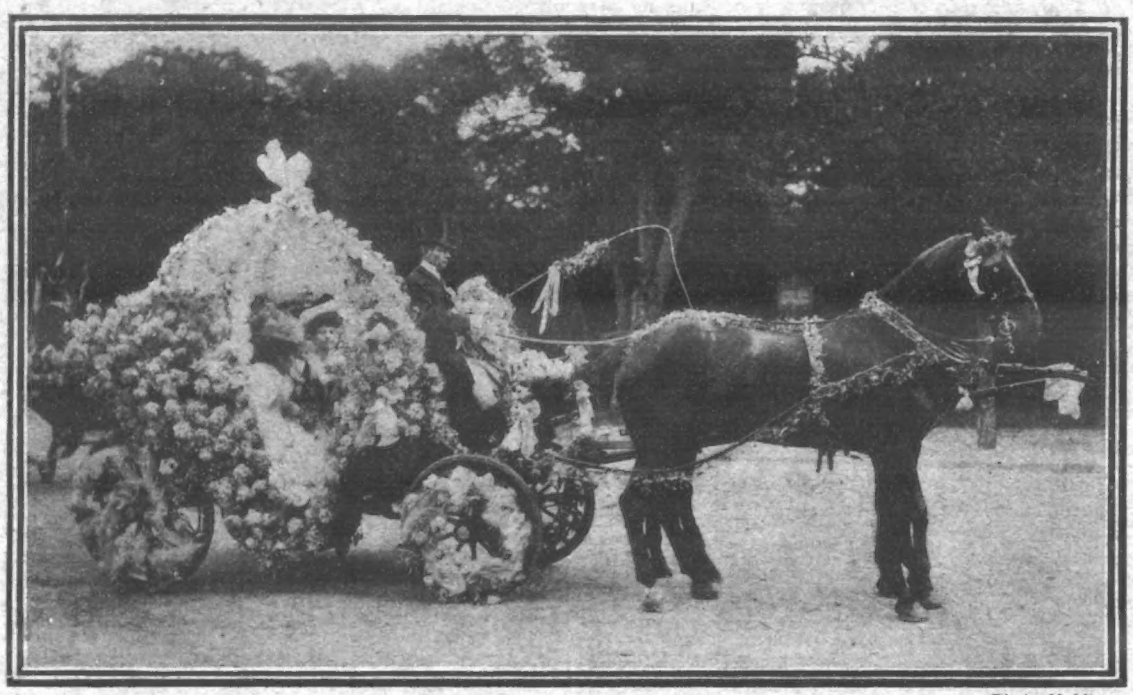


Photo. Halftones.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS: The Old Style.

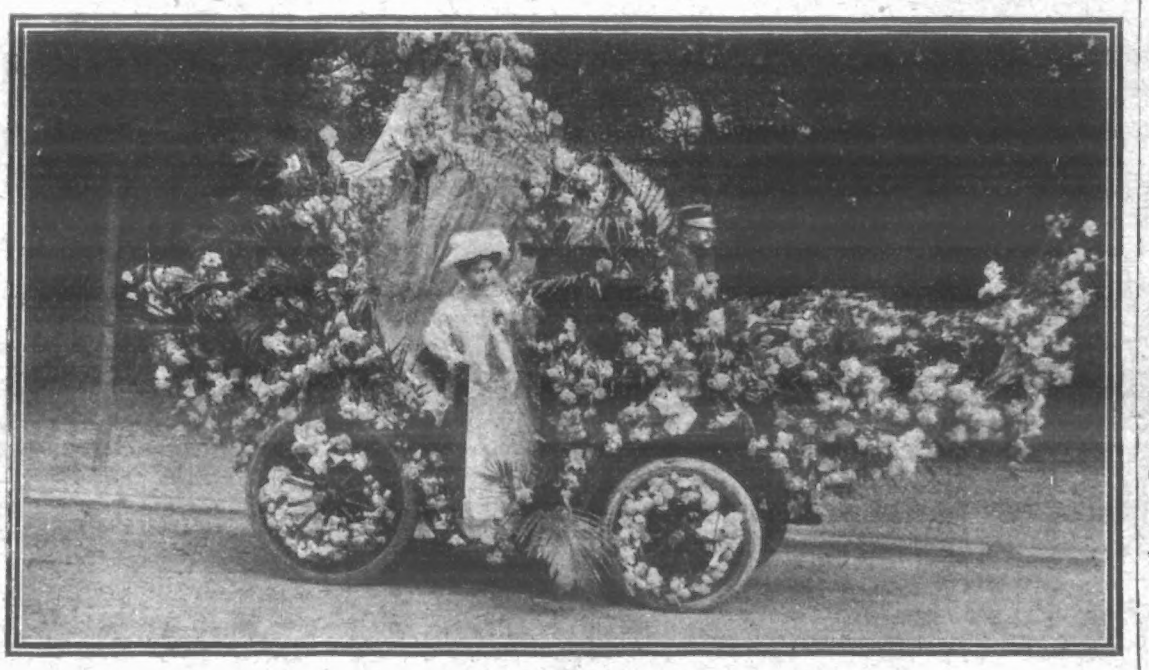
EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,
The Penny Illustrated Paper,
172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS: The New Style.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR CAB,

An Absorbingly Sensational Serial

BY

FERGUS HUME,

Begins in next week's

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WHO KILLED THE CHAUFFEUR?

See Fergus Hume's Great Story written specially for the P.I.P., which commences next week.

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'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

JUNE 15 TO 21.—To all intents and purposes, I may well write ditto to the plans of last week, for all the operations in the garden mentioned then will hold good practically through the month. I shall myself be carrying out as many of the projects as remain undone, and in addition I shall be putting in some time in the rows of raspberry-canes. Personally, I train my canes on wires strung up between stout posts, and now that new shoots are appearing I shall be selecting the strongest and most suitable of them and start training them in position for the next season. The weaklings I shall thin out, and it is well to prevent the possibility of overcrowding. Loganberries—cousin to the raspberry—are getting more and more popular, I notice, and I have much new wood of this plant in my garden to train up in the way it should grow. My cherries are swelling apace, and I shall this week be netting them where possible to frustrate the birds. Most fruit-trees with heavy crops will now need to have the fruit thinned where within reach, and all second-rate fruits should be removed, that the first-rate specimens may mature and swell. By the way, in the event of drought, gardeners must make a note to keep newly planted shrubs well watered, for this is a critical time with them. It is not too early yet to commence sowing seed for next year, and I see wallflower-seed makes a prominent feature among advertisements in the garden journals this week. I shall refer to the matter again next week.

My Garden Plans.

I wonder how many *P.I.P.* gardeners keep a garden-diary? There is nothing more helpful or interesting, and notes of all work out of doors, state of the weather, and so on, should be made to take the hobby not only seriously, but to some extent intelligently. All seeds when planted should be carefully noted, with a mem. as to weather conditions, state of soil, etc. The first appearance of fruit-blossom should be carefully jotted down, and similar events in the garden-calendar chronicled. Any cheap diary serves the purpose, and no gardener will ever regret the slight outlay of time and trouble, for the notes and remarks so preserved will form a record of incalculable advantage in successive seasons.

The Garden Diary.

If you are a professional fancier you will not need my advice; but, assuming you to be an amateur, I will take this opportunity of throwing out a few hints concerning the fattening of poultry. In the first place, the selection of sound, healthy birds is a great point, and it would be sheer waste of time to attempt to fatten the well-known laying breeds for table purposes. I think, if asked, I should name the Dorking as the best table bird; Orpingtons and Plymouth Rocks are excellent, and the majority of cross-bred birds come in a good class. I assume you do not aspire to a cramming engine, which, I must admit, always gives me rather a squeamish sensation on humanitarian grounds, and your first course, therefore, should be to separate the cockerels from the pullets and confine the birds in small runs with a dry shed attached. After a fortnight, or more as necessary, the youngsters can be transferred to fattening pens holding two or three birds, and of a size to give them room to turn, but not to walk far. The floor of this pen should be of slats, so that droppings may fall through, and in front should be placed a trough for food. Do not give the birds more food at a meal than they can eat, and feed them regularly thrice daily. Oats, barley-meal, and buckwheat are spoken of very highly as fattening foods, and barley-meal and other soft foods should be mixed with milk, thickly. It is a great mistake to serve up thin, watery, gruel-like meal. Green food occasionally is advisable, and if you are in doubt as to food you cannot go far wrong with Spratt's patent poultry-fattening meal, prepared strictly to directions on the packets. Maize, by the way, is supposed to promote the laying on of internal fat, which is obviously undesirable.

Fattening Poultry.

REPLIES IN BRIEF

"KENT BOB."—Try a piece of greased paper, dusted with sugar. It is certain to catch the insects.

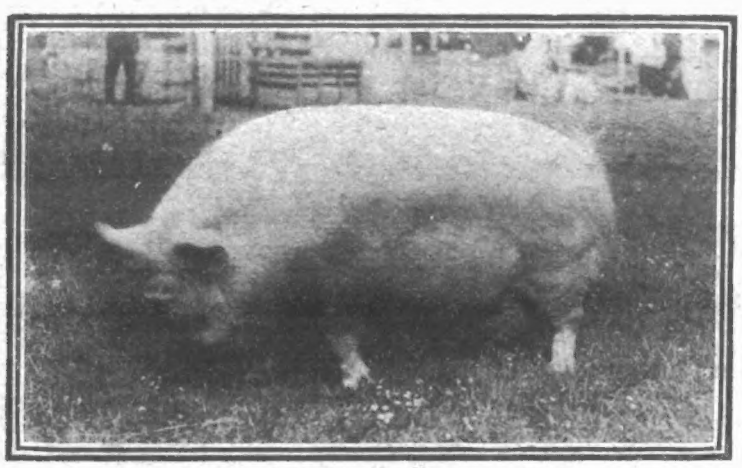
HY. STEVENS (Stamford Hill).—Creeping-jenny, saxifrage, London pride, and periwinkles are excellent rockery plants and will cost you about a shilling a dozen. They are all quick growers.

G. WILLIAMSON.—Messrs. Spratts Patent, Limited, sell just the coop and run you write of. Send them a line of inquiry—24 and 25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

R. HOLMES.—(1) For blight in roses use quassia and soft soap; it is on sale everywhere, ready mixed, and I usually find a sixpenny tin lasts me a long time. (2) I do not advise you to grow a Crimson Rambler against a wall; it would be a far better plan to run it over a rustic arch or framework.

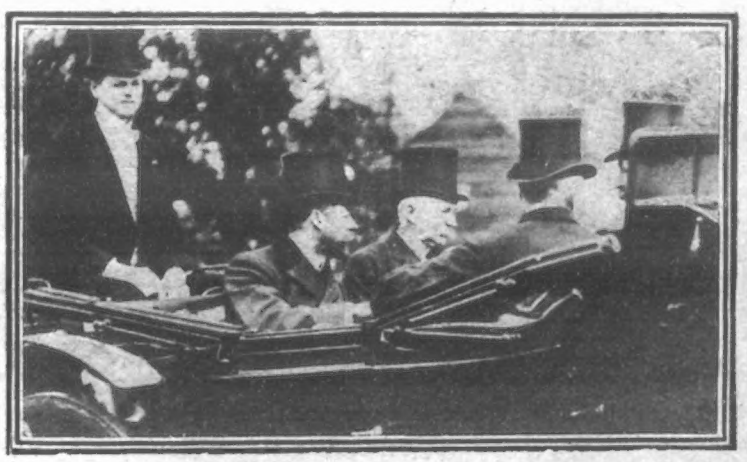
I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct, and, so far as possible, by return of post. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.



BATH AND WEST COUNTIES SHOW.

Mr. F. C. Paget's sow, Holywell Barbara, gold medal and 1st prize.



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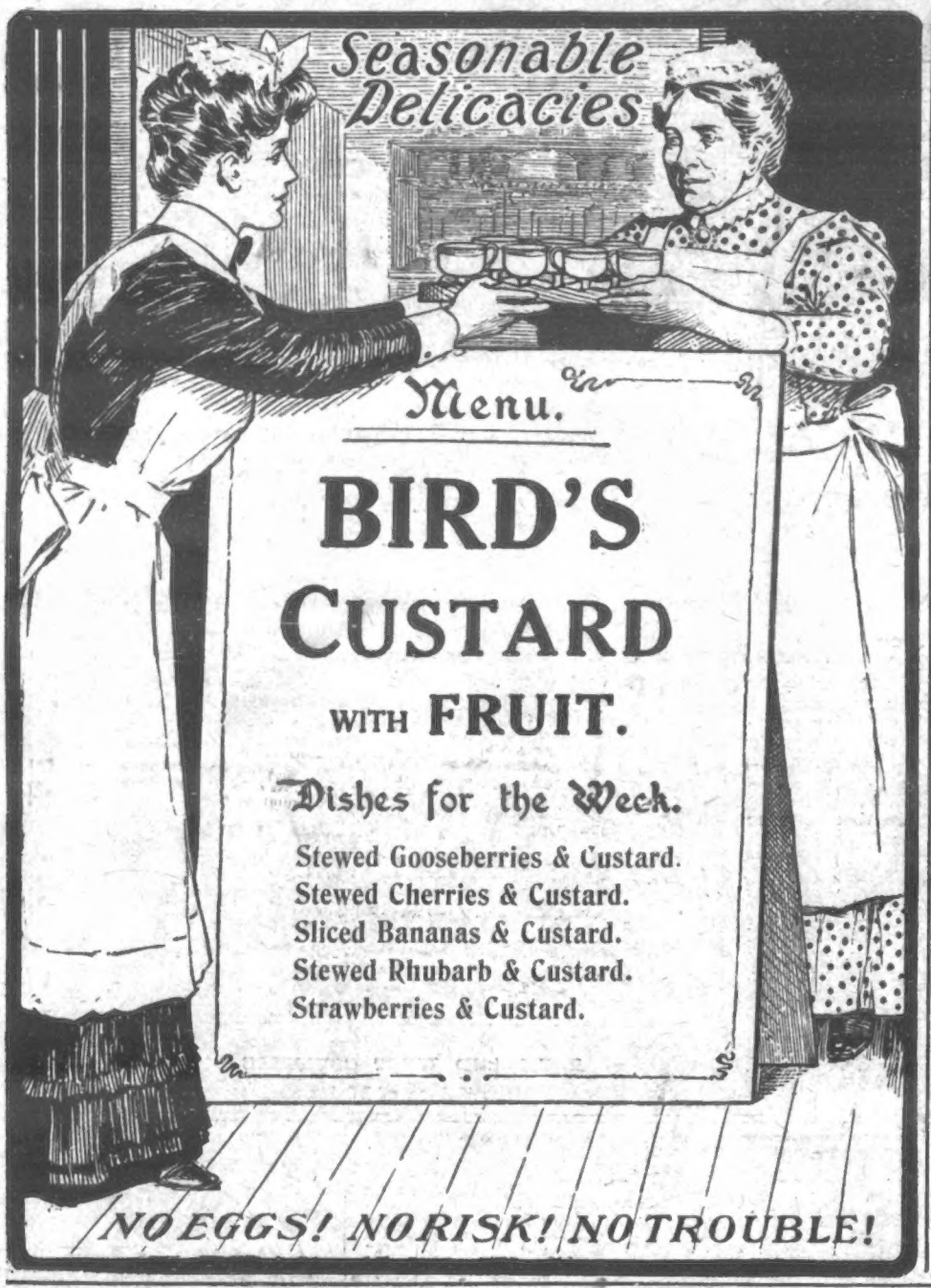

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